



# Tombs, Tents and Gardens.

*(Being an account of our visit to Delhi  
and Agra, 1920).*



By  
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## Introduction.

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These few words hardly merit the high sounding title of an "introduction" but I write them as an excuse for inflicting these many pages of personal thoughts on any one who is kind enough to read them. The excuse is that I liked Delhi and I like writing, so I made the latter pleasure serve yet another purpose by permanently recording our delightful visit to the city of the Moguls—an egoistic proceeding and—hence this apology.

D. S. B.

*August 8th, 1920.*



# A visit to Delhi.

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## CHAPTER I:

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### THE JOURNEY.

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On February 6th, 1920, we seven, *i. e.*, my grandfather, parents and aunts, Mr. Noble (a friend of my grandfather) and myself started by the Punjab Mail in the afternoon for Delhi.

As the route from Bombay to Kalyan is too well-known, I shall not waste words upon it, nor on the further track leading to Kasara; there is no Reversing Station now between Kasara and Igatpuri; the old way that entailed a curve in the alignment and detention in reversing the motion of the train is abandoned and a straight run brings us to the Thal Ghats. The station of Kasara, by the way, is rather pretty, a neat little garden being the chief attraction.

The ghats have about 15 tunnels, passing through which we came to Igatpuri; it was getting decidedly cooler—a mere foretaste of the bitter cold we were to encounter later on—but at this time, the refreshing breeze and the greenery of the place were extremely pleasant after the heat and turmoil of our busy city. The next station was Deolali and as the railway stops just on the edge of the cantonment, we had a good



glimpse of the military camp, the sanitarium and private bungalows. Then came Nasik, noted only for the purely humorous incident that a lot of grapes were being sold there, of which we bought some and were 'sold' at the same time, inasmuch as the grapes were sour! It was almost dark at Manmad and dinner at Chalisgaon finished the day for us; we were already asleep when Bhusaval was reached, muffled up to the mouth, for the cold was increasing every minute, till next morning at Bhopal we were shivering and on the look-out for some hot tea! Hitherto, the journey had been through a comparatively uninteresting part of the country—a few fields and barren land, with a colony here and there, living in mud houses and striving to warm themselves near feeble fires.

But from Bhopal the scene changed; beyond the stretch of the deep green fields could be seen the white palaces of the city and we passed a kaleidoscopic variety of cultivated land, now a field intensely green or yellow, then a pasture with herds of white or grey cattle (it is a peculiarity of the north that very few dun animals are found) grazing, then again a field with people busy at their work, truly typical of the simple daily life of the vast majority of Indians, or perhaps a new bridge is being built and hence we see all these people each engaged in some particular task near the half-done structure.

Mostly, however, the track was through fields—"fields to the right of us, fields to the left of us" and of different varieties that amazed us. At Sanchi, there

is a hillock on which stands an old Buddhist temple known as the "Sanchi tope"; it is worth seeing, they say. Bina, a junction, found us devouring breakfast and then again came a chain of ever-varying scenes—though of a different type, for here we saw a regular village with a decent road, the train passing by a nice little hut where the master stood near his plough and a little boy was swinging gaily; then came a barren tract—barren, but strewn with wonderful stones, stones of all kinds and shapes, in heaps or lying singly and shining bright as if of metal under the noon day sun, and on the horizon, ruins of ancient castles, masses of crumbling grim black stone. Our train was however, losing time and we reached Jhansi an hour late. The sun was well overhead but the cold had not abated.

Jhansi has a fine station, of red stone and a pleasing design, and a number of long platforms, as it is an important junction; we could also see the Post Office, an impressive red building. From here, we journeyed through a part of the country covered with temples. On the many hillocks that stand out are temples, partly ruined, reminders of the days of Hindu glory; some have many domes and storeys, others are just ordinary, but the most picturesque one is situated near a small, apparently artificial lake; its lower part is buttressed like a fort, the upper is broken. A good road, crossing the railway line, leads to it from goodness knows where—the train does not permit one to find out everything! All this time we were in the Datia State but now reached Gwalior; the station is right opposite the polo-ground and one can

also see the well-built and well-kept road with the white railing that passes by it. This is on the right, on the left is the hill on which stand the ancient palaces and the Fort. The Fort, by the way, was once the stronghold of the Rajah of Bharatpore, who despoiled so many things in Delhi and Agra. For a long time it was in English hands and was only ceded to the Gwalior State after much pleading on the latter's part. At last the train steamed out and we saw quite a different aspect. The ground seemed to be made up of little hay-coloured mounds with slight or deep depressions, studded here and there with some of the mud houses that form a feature in these parts ; it was here that we saw the first peacock—a splendid bird resplendent in blue feathers, gaily soaring up and showing us all his finery. An hour after we came to Dholpur, full two hours behind scheduled time.

And now began the most picturesque part of the journey. Here again were those mounds, but they were really quarries and the weird shapes left were the result of quarrying. Then came the first bridge over a small tributary of the Jumna ; the ripples in the water sparkled like diamonds and it was indeed a pretty sight, but still more so was the bridge over the river Chambal, which is very broad and long and the bridge must have been nearly a mile in length. The water was a clear deep blue and shone even more than that of the preceding river, and this, coupled with the uneven back-ground reminded one of what is said about the Trossachs. Agra was hailed in the dusk ; many people were strolling along the platforms and in the short time we were there a goodly

number of hawkers tried to palm off their wares on the passengers. The dome of the Taj Mahal came into view as we moved on, but it disappeared quickly.

It was now rapidly getting dark and the cold was intense ; for four hours, during which we could see nothing, we sat up, all wrapped and rather drowsy till at last we alighted at Delhi at 10 P. M.

Before entirely leaving the subject of the journey, I must mention a feature of it, that is, that every station we had passed, either big or small, possessed a garden ; even the tiniest railway cabin displayed a few pots well-arranged against the white walls. The reason is that the railway authorities are encouraging neatness by offering prizes for the tidiest garden.

To return to the Delhi Station ; even at first sight, it appeared grand, and specially so as the Governor of Bombay was leaving that night and hence red carpets were laid down. The platforms are wide and many and we had to cross an over-bridge to get to the gate and then into the car, belonging to our friend Mr. Dinsha H. Framji ; he and his wife had been extremely kind in arranging everything for us and now too it was they who ran us over to the Maiden's Hotel. This, our first drive in Delhi, was through the historic Cashmere Gate from where starts the Alipur Road, with its white railings and trees (which belonged to gardens as we found out later on) and even in the dark night, Delhi gave promise of a most interesting sojourn.



Our rooms were on the ground-floor of block C; so commodious were they that the two of them, together with the dressing and bathrooms, would form a whole flat in Bombay. As to the furnishing, every comfort was provided and we were also able to screen out a nice little sitting-room with all the huge arm-chairs, sofas and accessories supplied. There were, of course, grates and we took full advantage of them as the cold was so intense during the first weeks of our stay that we had fires burning day and night. It was a new experience but we enjoyed it. I must not forget to mention that the floors were covered with very fine, thick carpets of good designs and colours and which added greatly to appearances.

The cuisine, too, was splendid; everything was of the best and did not lack quantity either, as in some hotels. It is a fact that the "Maiden's Hotel" has the reputation of being the best one, specially so far as the food is concerned, in India. By the way, we used to have good fun at the table at the expense of our khánsamá; it happened that the general dining-room was chock-full and so we were given a table to ourselves in an adjoining room, a very satisfactory arrangement; since we could dispense with all formalities and heartily laugh at the khánsamá; he was an agriculturist, but reverses of fortune made him take up this work and pretty messes he used to make; the poor fellow's zeal exceeded his capacity as a waiter.

As we have finished with the buildings, inside and outside, we shall see the garden; it is, as I have said,

large, but is not well laid-out. There are three big circles with hap-hazard beds in them, one in front of each block and between the circles run the wide paths kept for vehicles and which presumably prevented a better laying-out. But although the beds are hap-hazard, they are well filled with phlox of all colours, nasturtiums and red roses, while corn-flowers and holly-hocks grow in profusion, and on the whole the garden presents a very gay appearance.

Now let us turn to the city itself. There have been seven Delhis in all, Shahjehanabad, the latest one, being the present city. In olden days, it was encircled by a wall throughout its length and breadth and had ten gates. The wall still remains, but most of the gates have been broken ; among those that still stand is the Delhi Gate marking the city's southern boundary ; from here, southwards begins the expanse which was once the Delhi of Humayun's time and still further south, that of Kutub-ud-Din and which is now represented by the small village of Kutub. South-west of Shahjehanabad lies Raisina where the eighth and New Delhi is being rapidly completed.

The present European quarter, to the north of Shahjehanabad and which is called the Civil Lines, is well-planned ; there are two long roads—the Rajpur and the Alipur—and a number of smaller roads cross these two. The Rajpur merges into the Alipur Road which then for a short space is called the Mall and then again it

continues, nameless\*, straight to the village of Vazirabad—a ribbon-like road, stretching from one end of the Civil Lines to the other. All the Europeans reside in this area and a few in Raisina. The Cashmere Gate is on the southern boundary of the Civil Lines and beyond it lies the Indian quarter, the real city. On this side, the best road is the Chandni Chowk Road from where many other roads go off in all directions. Opposite the eastern end of the road is the Fort and another long road runs parallel to the west wall of the Fort. The city has the three suburbs of Paharganj, Sabzi Mandi and Kishenganj.

Delhi has three characteristics, tombs, tents and gardens. Tombs comprise most of the historical places; the tents belong to the military and some civilians; there is a large garrison in encampment—other officers and even the Viceroy's guests are accommodated in tents and the hotel for officers is also composed simply of tents and known as the Camp Hotel. It is run by our friend Mr. Dinsha about whom a few words will not be amiss. The Framjis are well-known in Delhi and Simla, having a large business of their own at the latter place and as the Camp Hotel also needs attention, Mr. Dinsha and his family happened to be in Delhi and it did not take us long to be friends with these excellent people.

Gardens are everywhere, public and private; the largest one amongst the latter kind is that of the Secretariat (commonly called the Daftar). Every bungalow has a garden and as all Government buildings are painted

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\* I shall refer to this throughout as the "nameless road."



white, these look specially effective. The public gardens are the Roshanara, Kudsia, Nicholson and Queen's Gardens ; they are more like parks and only the Kudsia and Nicholson Gardens have any good flowers. On the Vazirabad Road and the road reverting to Roshanara are private gardens, *i.e.*, owned privately, but open to the public, the largest one being Mubarak Bag. There are also vast expanses throughout the Civil Lines, some taken up by camps, but the greater part stretches out far and wide, with no more vegetation than a few shrubs and sometimes not a soul in sight—if only a magic power might transplant all this space and tack it on to our congested little island of Bombay !

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## CHAPTER III.

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MY DIARY.  
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*February 9th*—In the morning, we sallied forth into the streets of Delhi for the first time. To-day our chief aim was to buy gloves, so we at once made for the shops.

Turning to the left from our hotel, we passed the two massive buildings of Curzon House and the Delhi Club (which used to be the old Ludlow Castle) and the Nicholson Gardens on the right side of the road and the Kudsia Gardens on the left. The road is very broad with fine pavements and white railings, which, together with the green trees on both hands, looks like a street on the Continent. Close to the Nicholson Gardens is the European cemetery. A curve now brought us to the Cashmere Gate. Before I proceed, I shall give a short note of the gate.

During the Mutiny of 1857 this gate occupied an important position. When the English were ready to assault guns placed in the Kudsia Gardens battered a breach in the wall and the gate was blown in by the heroic Salbeld. The storming columns passed through and the city was won. The gate stands at present in good condition, only the top having been broken, and vehicles pass through the two arches that formerly held the doors.

We passed through and came to three roads, one of which goes to the District Court, one to Chandni Chowk and the Fort; and one meets a lane which passes behind the Railway Station; of course, many other roads shoot off from them and they all go much farther than the places mentioned, which have been put down only to mark the radius of our drive this morning. We first tried the road leading to the said lane where some big European and Indian shops are; there was a variety of trades—brassware, knick-knacks, dairy produce, motor suppliers and three big general shops. We then went to the road to the Fort, which is the middle one of the three; here comes St. James' Church, St. Stephen's College and miscellaneous shops, among which are some costumiers, all "Madame"—something—and 'Chic Parisiennes' as one of them styles herself. Now the road is divided into two by a green plot on which stands a gun and memorial tablet to those who fell when the great magazine was blown up from here in 1857. On its left is a building, now used as a local school, but which, 300 years ago was the library of Prince Dara, the son of Shahjehan; next to it is the General Post Office. A few steps bring us to the local Railway bridge passing under which we are in front of the Fort. The road goes on, but we turn to the right, (the west) and enter the Chandni Chowk Road.

We travelled down the length of this road which is the heart of commercial Delhi. It is divided into two by a clock-tower; the first and longer half is lined on both sides by the more important shops of every des-

cription, but specially of jewellers. We inspected some of them and at last succeeded in getting the gloves at one Ragho Mull & Co. We had had enough of shops for the day so we went past the clock tower and turned to the north, into the Queen's Gardens.

Here is a bronze seated statue of Queen Victoria, immediately behind which stands the Town Hall, a rectangular, flat-roofed building, of broad proportions and bright red in colour ; the municipal offices and that of the Health Officer are in this.

The garden has no flowers except wild ones, but green lawns and play-grounds are kept, shaded and sheltered by the beautiful strong big trees that form half the charm. Winding paths bring us out from one end to the other, right opposite the front of the Railway Station. From here we drove over a part of the Dufferin Bridge, emerging at the Mori Gate. This gate exists only in name, a name given to it by the Marathas from a drain that used to pass by it. Now we are again in the open, huge maidans fenced in with white railings and intersected by picturesque roads going in all directions one of which is called the Circular Road: we took one of these roads, which leads to the Nicholson Gardens.

This garden is small, but very pleasant; between the lawns bordered by fine trees which were presumably of eucalyptus, is the statue of Gen. John Nicholson. On a broad base, reached by some steps, and flanked with

guns, stands the general in bronze, his sword drawn and his face clearly showing his determined and courageous character.

Scattered here and there on the lawns are flower beds and almost near the outer gate a fountain in the shape of a swan, which displays grace but does not play. From this gate to the hotel was only a matter of moments.

In the evening, Mr. and Mrs. Dinsha came to take us for a drive in their fine car; it was a Hudson super-six, very luxurious and easy-running.

Having passed the Cashmere Gate, we turned on to a bridge (I forget from which road) and kept straight on, flying past the squalid houses for this was a poor quarter. Then we entered the area known as Raisina; all the bungalows are flat-roofed and white and are built on the effective system of a round bungalow between two square ones and each is joined on to the other by wire-netting; there are considerably sized gardens, which show a brave array of holly-hocks and other bright flowers. The long roads are called the Princes' Road, Humayun Road, and the Broadway. The bungalows are at present occupied only by Government clerks and subordinates, but as soon as the whole site is ready, all the officials will move hither, as the Civil Lines is too small to accommodate the regiments of officials and Government servants that are daily swelling; however this may be, 'life,' will still be in

Shahjehanabad. We met many motor-lorries on the way conveying the clerks home ; as Raisina is rather distant, this mode of conveyance has been adopted to facilitate matters for the residents. Going further on we saw the immense area to be occupied by the new Government Secretariat buildings, which will include the Viceregal Lodge. It is all being built of red sandstone but the work has not advanced much. It was only a flying glimpse, for we had to hurry off towards the Kutub Minar. The road was a straight one and bordered with trees and in the dusk, with the crisp cold air making our blood tingle, it was delightful passing through the thick green avenue. At Kutub we alighted in the garden ; it must be mentioned that between the minar and other remains on one hand and the Dak bungalow on the other, is a garden. We now went to the minar and inspected it ; it is truly colossal and impressive, though much of its beauty was hidden in the dimming light. To its right are the remains of Rai Pithora's temple, broken pillars of red stone and decoratively carved in the ancient Hindu style, like those we see in pictures of the Ajanta Caves. Opposite the minar is another pillar, commenced by Alau-ud-din Khilji, who wanted to outdo Kutub-ud-Din and build a pillar double his size ; this structure, however, was abandoned after reaching a height of 87 ft. ; its diameter is exactly double that of the Kutub. As it was getting dark, we repaired to the Dak bungalow and had some coffee, then set out for home. This time we took the Broadway and a real broad way it is and such a length too ! We missed a turning and thus had

an unexpected opportunity of seeing more of it than would have otherwise been possible. We flew past the local traffic, camel-carts, tired workmen, braying donkeys, galloping tongas and the like.

In Delhi the street lightning is electric, the lamp-posts either lining one side or the middle of the road and the effect is very pretty, just like a string of glowing stars, getting larger as we approach and showing up their true shapes in the clear light they shed.

*February 10th*—In the morning, we again went to the Chandni Chowk and got a better grasp of the road. Its name is said to mean "Silversmiths' Square" (but appears, to me to mean "Moonlight Square") and the jewellers' shops testify to it. As we enter from the east there stands the Jain Digambri Temple on the left of the road. It is of red stone but has a lattice window and small doors of ivory through which we can see the ivory idols behind; it is said that the inside of the temple is worth seeing, but we never once visited it; further on is the Sonheri (Golden) Masjid, so called because its domes in former days were gold-gilded and it was from here that Nadirshah watched the massacre ordered by him in 1739. As we drove leisurely we had a good look at all the shops, and I shall here mention a few. The right side of the road has all the important ones; beginning with Ragho Mull & Co., we pass some more of mercers, tailors, opticians and so on, then nearly half-a-dozen jewellers in a row; we, during our

stay," had visited all, only for a look of course, but spent more time at the one styled S. P. Q. R., this extraordinary sign of Roman fame here has the cryptic meaning of "small profits and quick return!" A rival displays L. P. Q. R. "little" or "large profits"? These shops are very decent and everything is done quite in our Bombay style and the jewellery displayed in the show-cases is also modern; it is only if you ask for it that they bring out antique models—necklaces, earrings, bracelets and what not, of elaborate designs (and as elaborate prices) thickly studded with both cut and uncut stones and beautiful enamel work, rich, heavy and purely Oriental, made to delight a Begum's heart. I was, however, more interested in finding out all about the platefuls of loose stones and some curiosities, like a small Buddha, carved out of quartz and of such pureness that it looked like crystal and would grace any drawing-room. Now we passed on, noticing the shops on the other side, mostly toy-shops and minor trades; to mention a few, there were the two Shahi Halwais, brothers but rivals, manufacturing chiefly the famous Sohn Halwa (a very sticky kind of Indian toffee with walnuts; generally bad ghee is used, unless it is made to special orders) which one cannot possibly eat after seeing how it is made; then, the Camphor Bros. for foot-wear, and the Victory Boot House, who sell "boots, shoes, ladies and children", the

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\* We did not see these shops in one day, but I have condensed the matter here, as we went to the Chandni Chowk nearly every morning and as I do not wish to reiterate these daily visits, I describe the shops all at once,



"New Friend" with his stores, situated in an attic, while the Imperial, All-India Ayurvedic College happens to be a corner room in a crowded building, of a very dirty appearance. So many are there of these funny titles that I cannot recall even half of them.

This is all that is to be seen in Chandni Chowk, and yet, though we went here almost every morning, it was never dull; I shall, however, not mention this road again unless necessary, as with all the daily visits, there is nothing more worth commenting upon.

In the evening, we slowly drove down the Alipur Road, which is the most fashionable promenade of Delhi, besides being an important official quarter.

As we start from our hotel, we see the Underhill Road, Ludlow Castle Lane and Flagstaff Road, all at short distances from one another, shooting off from the big road, on the left of which stands the residence of the Commander-in-Chief, (known as the "Jungi Lat"—War Lord) a castle-like house, with soldiers guarding the gate. On the right is the Alipur House an extensive building, with a garden blazing with yellow flowers; it is run by the Government on the same lines as Metcalfe House—a kind of exclusive hotel for officials.

Here the road has a depression, then a curve, straightening out close to the Secretariat which indeed is a magnificent building. In the centre is the main building with the clock-tower under which is the council-

hall, with a tower and an enormous wing of twenty rooms on each side, every room of which is occupied even till night, so busy is the Government at present. The whole building is white and between it and the gate is a beautiful green velvety lawn. Somewhere near here, the Rajpur Road joins the Alipur and little further the Flagstaff Road does the same, having wound its way up and down the Tower on the ridge. This is the end of the Alipur Road, and here on the right is a long block of buildings, containing the Criterion and Trocadero (!) Restaurants, furriers' shops, also an European's and at the corner, J. F. Madan's stores, which we often patronized and found most satisfactory and reasonable prices were asked; Bombay profiteers should note, as this shop is an important one there, perhaps more so than theirs here. Behind it is the Elphinstone Cinema and a building known as the Khyber Pass Market, mostly for grain and meat and much availed of by the poor.

The road now continues as the Mall where there are a few bungalows. To the south-west comes a turning leading to the Viceregal Lodge and the Ridge, on which stands the Mutiny monument; we, however, did not go here this evening, but kept straight on, having a look at one of the sides of the rectangular Viceregal area which lies to the left of the road; the Lodge stands out in all its white beauty and is set-off by the lovely garden which was our chief envy—then come the tents of the guests, terminating at one end of the Probyn Road, which joins the Mall and the latter road, after some distance,

turns and goes on as the Kingsway. Behind this Probyn Road, lies a great maidan and here the Camp Hotel is pitched ; we passed the rest of the evening pleasantly in the company of the Framjis.

*February 11th*—To-day was a meeting of the Imperial Legislative Council in the morning, which we attended. In this case 'we' means father and myself. The members go through the porch of the main building straight into the council-hall, but we of course, had to go above to the visitors' gallery from the back of the building, by way of a red-carpeted staircase. The gallery runs on three sides, one of which is reserved for ladies, of whom a goodly number were present.

Looking below, we saw the presidential chair facing the entrance of the hall, and next to which is a door of the ante-chamber immediately behind ; the chair is a high one, of the style termed 'State' and surmounted by a crown. The members' seats are arranged in the form of a rugged horse-shoe, one big desk and bench is provided for every two members and these are placed, grouped according to the provinces, in the horse-shoe shape. The floor is covered with green carpets.

On the cry of "order, order" from Sir George Lowndes who presided to-day, all members took their seats, those of the Executive Council sitting in a row to the right of the President, in order of seniority. Some of the non-official members were in picturesque garb—there was the Burmese member in his national dress, in all shades

of pink, Major Sir Umar Hayat Khan in a flowing white turban and velvet suit, Mr. Khaparde with his unduly conspicuous turban and many others.

The business was first interpellations, then the introduction of the Cutchi Memon bill and lastly the continuation of the debate on the change of capital. The interpellations, over a hundred in number, were divided chiefly amongst Messrs. Jaffer, Chanda and Patel; some might have served a useful purpose, but to me the majority just seemed to be heckling, a waste of valuable time, but allowed by what is known as "constitutional rights". These disposed of, Mr. Jaffer rose to ask leave to introduce his bill, then made a speech in which he asked the Government that Cutchi Memons may be governed in matters of inheritance and succession by the Mahomedan and not by the Hindu law, quoting many opinions on the subject. He then sat down, after what he evidently thought was an oration, both in matter and manner, worthy of Demosthenes; he was supported by Sir Fazulbhoy Currimbhoy. Then the debate was continued; at a previous meeting, it had been moved that the capital be transferred from Delhi to a more suitable place; to-day many members gave their opinion. Calcutta's case was well-represented by Mr. Crum and Mr. Bannerjee; that veteran spoke of his city with as much fervour and his usual emphasis as of many more important problems: it was pointed out that Delhi's climate was unsuitable for an all-the-year stay and also that here the Government were out of touch with the people. Another member argued that Government

ought *not* to be in big cities, as those then exercise an unfair influence for their own advantage, and that was undesirable. The member for Karachi suggested his city and Mr. Shastri dwelt upon the advantages of Allahabad, but Mr. Patel wanted Salsette! He agreed with Mr. Bannerjee and also with the "other member" (I have forgotten his name) and compromising the two views, he left out Bombay, but favoured Salsette. (I wonder if he remembered our housing problem at the time!) Two other members also spoke and then as it was 1-30 P. M. the council was adjourned.

And now, I must apologise for digressing and jotting down a few of the thoughts that occurred to me after the meeting. What struck me was the diversity (*not unity*) even in such matters between the members views and their temporising and illogical attitudes. If Delhi is not suitable all the year round, are the other dozen places mentioned eminently so? Does not Calcutta get hot? And Salsette!! Besides, what is "touch with the people"? There are more real "people" in Delhi; in big cities there are political parties, who want to make the Government dance to their tunes. *They are not the people!* Delhi has an unique place in the Indian heart; the history of India, her outlet of artistic energy, her dreams are in Delhi; surely, when there is so much talk of understanding the soul of a nation, is it not meet that Delhi, the soul of India, should be the capital?

In the evening we drove down the Kingsway, right at the beginning of which stands the Kingsway Station;

this was built in 1911 for a special light railway then run, so that visitors for the Durbar might alight near their camps. It is built to harmonise with the general architecture of the city, in Mogul style, having carved domes and portals; at present it is used as offices of the Railway Department. Opposite to it is the camp of the R. H. A. and beyond, an expanse of barren land stretching to the horizon, which was utilised for the Durbar camps but is left to itself now. Turning back, but going straight on, we meet the Princes' Road, so called from the Princes camps' in 1911. After a long drive, during which we noticed the fine trees on every side that are the chief beauty of the Civil Lines and the peaceful atmosphere that prevailed, we came to the polo-ground; so extensive is it that two large football fields are also kept. On the polo-ground proper is the pretty pavilion; a match was in progress to-day and we could also see the spectators in the pavilion. As this ground lies on the west of the Viceregal area (which is rectangular) we turned to the south, taking the familiar road passing by the Viceregal Lodge.

And here I shall describe the magnificent residence (termed the "Lat Sahb's Kothi") of His Majesty's representative in India. As I have said, the Viceregal area is rectangular, a large part of which is taken up by the Lodge and its grounds. On the western part stands His Excellency's private dispensary and the quarters of the staff. The Lodge has twelve gates, three on each side, the main one, which is always guarded by European soldiers, facing the Flagstaff Tower. The Lodge is

like the palaces of Versailles in architecture, having French balconies and terraces and is entirely white in colour. Surrounding it is the beautiful lawn and the flower-beds are not less pretty; here floats a large Union Jack at the top of a mast. Towards the edge of Probyn Road (*i. e.*, on the other side) is the Viceregal nursery, where one sees the refreshing spectacle of rows and rows of pots, all full of flowers—the sweet peas and roses sending forth a delicious perfume. To return to the other road; here we have just a scene of the country side, with broken hillocks and bramble bushes then again, level ground where stand some of the official's bungalows, including Mr. Maffey's.

*February 12th*—In the morning we had a funny incident, which afforded an unexpected opportunity of seeing part of the Kudsia gardens. It happened that after a drive down the Alipur Road we wanted to turn and go to the shop of Ramchandra & Sons; to our surprise, the coachman led us into Asmanpur Lane (it runs a little further to the east of our hotel) and stopped before a cottage which he said was "Ramchandrakakothi" (*i. e.*, Ramchandra's house) and indignantly demanded if we had not instructed him to bring us here, to see that gentleman! After he had been reprimanded we moved on passing through the Kudsia Gardens; here there are many tall trees which form a green canopy above and the smooth lawn below is a carpet and the road goes between such a charming picture on both hands, which is enhanced at a certain point by the

existence of a small, but pure and glassy pond, and thence we returned to the hotel.

In the evening we drove through the city and native quarters. After traversing the full length of the Chandni Chowk, we went straight to the Fatehpuri Mosque—a red building, much dirtied through age and a constant stream of worshippers—where it is most crowded: all along the road are petty shops of grain, fruit and other commodities eagerly bought by the poor. One fruit-stall was neatly arranged, the fruit in tiers and the proprietor sitting in the middle, hardly to be seen behind the pile of pineapples and pomegranates and at first greatly puzzling us as to whether what we saw was his green turban or a melon! This entire road is very dirty and full of flies; people jostle each other, carriages are near collision, with the drivers bawling and there is general confusion, all very inconvenient, but typically Indian. This was the beginning of the Sadr or chief bazar, which, by the way, is more a long road than any centralised spot. As we went onwards, we saw more and more of the same thing, worse at parts, but never better, till at last we emerged into the purer air near the station, opposite which is the Roman Catholic Church. I am afraid, I have said very little about the Sadr, but the place makes one's nerves rather jumpy, what with the shouts and the crowd and a camel-cart lurching towards one's carriage and above all the variety of smells—from sweetmeats and 'bhajias' to the stink of the camels and bullocks—the one dominant thought in this place is "when shall we be out of all this mess"? From the R. C. Church we went



west again, to the Nicholson Gardens and it was still early when we reached home but no one wanted to stay out during these days—it was far too cold.

*February 13th:*—In the morning we drove down the Ludlow Castle Lane; the entire south-western side of the road is occupied by various buildings belonging to the Baptist Mission, then comes a Mohamedan cemetery. Now the road meets Rajpur Road which is ideal for a morning drive.

In the evening we went to the Roshanara Gardens; we left the Cashmere Gate and turned to the south, traversing a road where we saw much the same thing as yesterday. The only notable building was the Daihi Flour Mills, closed, as the firm is in liquidation. As we near the gardens, we see a few private bungalows, good in architecture but decorated most horribly—for instance, one bungalow was painted coffee-colour, the doors and windows were a bright green, terraces terracotta and minute little carved details were conspicuously white!

We now entered the eastern gate of the gardens, the general plan of which is thus: Roshanara's mausoleum in the centre and the surrounding park divided into sections by long paths intertwining towards both the gates; a small lake is situated in one of the sections to the south. We alighted at the mausoleum of the princess Roshanara, a daughter of Shah Jehan and the favourite sister of Aurangzebe; these gardens were her property

and so she was buried here. Now, however, the grounds are laid out more suitably for European tastes. To return to the mausoleum: in the middle of the high big plinth (it is reached by some steps) of red sandstone in the real tomb, surrounded by a trellis-work screen of marble; the grave is very simple, having no inscription slab, but merely grass on the surface. A lamp is always burning at the head.

From the four corners of the plinth rise four towers leading first to a storey (just an empty room) and then to the terrace from where one can get a very good idea of the gardens as a whole. Two of the towers mentioned have been closed now and access is gained only to the other two.

We now descended and drove through all the paths; the lake looked very pretty, so still and blue, but green-hued where the clear reflections of the trees fell. There are not many flowers, most of the grounds being huge lawns, but the few that were there were all big red roses while many wild flowers grew in the hedger.

The trees are mostly of pears, apricots, pomegranates and 'bor' (*zizyphus jujuba*, to give it its botanical name), while the hedger are of benna which has tiny yellow flowers.

It was dusk when we finally drove out by the western gate, listening to the birds twittering their evening song and inhaling the air scented with the sweet odour of wild jasmynes.

The road we now took was better than the one we had come by, as houses were few and far between the only big structure being the skeleton of a mill that was destroyed by fire some years ago. A little further from here are the golf links—a game had just been finished and the players were ascending the slight slope of a part of a hillock on which stood the pavilion—and going straight past the many new bungalows built, but not yet occupied, we join the Mall.

*February 14th*—In the morning, our friend Mr. Dinsha Framji took us to see the Mutiny Monument which stands on a ridge 60 ft. high. We first go the usual way to Viceregal Lodge and then ascend the ridge, where first we see Asoka's pillar; this is one of the pillars on which the great King Asoka had engraved his history: it was brought to Delhi by Feroze Shah Tughlak and placed here, near his hunting lodge, the ruins of which still remain. The pillar is of grey granite and is placed on a base bearing an inscription as to its history. The pillar is at present seemingly of five parts that being due to the fact that in 1769, an explosion shattered it to five pieces which were then put together and the pillar re-erected, by the British.

Next comes the Hindurao Hospital; during the Mutiny, an Indian gentleman, Hindurao by name, sheltered the British in his house (which subsequently became their headquarters) and rendered much service, hence to perpetuate his memory, the hospital was built on the identical spot where his house had been—it is run exclusively for the benefit of Europeans.

Now we come to the Mutiny monument, an imposing structure, viewed from below. It is erected on a gigantic base which is reached by twenty steps from the ground and which from the outside is covered with convolvulus creepers which greatly add to its general picturesqueness.

The monument, 60 ft. high, is of red sandstone, a tower in form with a steeple and cross, the architecture resembling that of a cathedral. The tower is in three tiers with Gothic windows, the lowest bearing marble plates with inscriptions and statistics, commemorating the heroic services of those English and Indians who fell in the Mutiny and giving their names and number of casualties. The inscriptions are in English and Urdu.

A winding stair-case leads to the top of the tower from where a panoramic view of Delhi can be obtained ; we did not go there as the view from the base was no less panoramic. To the south we see the Roshanara Gardens and the tall chimneys of factories, to the north, the 'dafter' and other buildings struggle to show themselves through the rich green carpet of trees, while still further north a green strip and a grey line indicate the Jumna and its banks; the east shows many noted points—the tall wireless masts of the Fort, the Jame Musjid, the dome of St. James' and numbers of roof-tops, mostly flat, reminding one of Damascus or some other place in Asia Minor. The whole bird's-eye view impresses one greatly, but it also bewilders and only with care can one pick out the different points.

We now motored down the ridge west-wards and entered the area known as Timarpur where the quarters of all Bengali Government servants and a few Europeans are situated. The houses are temporary, built on the same plan as at Raisina, but coloured light red, more correctly, gamboge. They are all connected with one another by a maze of streets; it should be mentioned that the houses are divided in sections, and each allotted to a different profession; thus there was the Press section, the clerical section and so on. Everything is very neat and clean and we saw roses in many of the gardens, but the lines of clean linen put out to dry at once gave away the nationality of the residents, many of whom we saw going about their daily work, the women all dressed in the Bengali way. At this time, the motor was going so fast that I could not take in anything and before I had any tangible idea we were whisked away and stopped at a florist's, on the nameless road where we bought some lovely roses and sweet peas and then returned to the hotel.

*February 15th*—This morning, too, Mr. Dinsha was again extremely kind in taking us for a long 'spin' in his motor to Raisina. The other evening we had only a glimpse; to-day we saw not only the new city, but also the "New Cantonment," a much greater area. Going also the south-west of the boundary of Raisina, we pass a long line of barracks, to be known as the Body-guard Lines, much prettier to look at than the ordinary, having domes and a pleasing outline, besides being painted white. After this there are no more buildings

yet begun, as the roads are still not made perfect enough to stand the transport traffic that is needed to bring stones from the quarries near at hand and other materials; in Raisina, temporary rails for wagons have been laid for this purpose, while the stones from the quarries are taken to a shed where they are cut down to requirements by machinery.

Onwards we went, mile after mile of barren land, where there was nothing but dry grass and a few solitary trees and rocks till at last, the fine road, delightful for any motor enthusiast, stretching out before us like a ribbon, brought us to the New Cantonment. Here some big bungalows have been built and are already occupied by military officers; the gardens are much larger than we had hitherto seen and the ordinary barracks opposite also look very comfortable, set in the midst of an immense 'maidan.' Again we had to encounter a maze of roads, more intricate than Timarpur, till after many curves and turnings we came to the stone shed mentioned above, having done 20 miles altogether. From this point one can see the ancient observatory while for the most part of our drive, the tombs of Humayun and Safdar Jung were constantly in view. It was but a short run now before we reached home and if we count our drive from here to the cantonment and back, we had the total of more than thirty miles.

*February 16th*—In the evening we went to the Mutiny Memorial once more but did not spend much time there; then we took the road through Sabzi Mandi

to the Roshanara Gardens. Sabzi Mandi means the bazar of green vegetables, but it is really the name of a street now, perhaps the poorest in Delhi; it is very narrow with lines of squalid houses and an amazing amount of dust, while the tramway occupies much of the already crowded street. A word is here necessary about the trams which run through a few roads of the city; the cars are most dirty, in fact they have not been cleaned or painted ever since they were inaugurated and although each car is divided into 1st, 2nd and 3rd classes, the very appellations are ridiculous as the seats are all much alike and it is difficult to find the worst class!

The houses of Sabzi Mandi are uniform in style and colour—a bright green balcony, blue doors and red walls—and all decorated with the most fantastic designs in yellow; the designs on houses are a feature of the native city and provide much amusement for even unartistic eyes—a certain house, in another part of the city, bears the device of a brown tiger, whose nose is pointing north and the eyes due south, while a blue man looking as if he was cut of wood stands with an unnatural gun held in a most unnatural way! The building of the houses too is queer—new frontages have been added to old houses with the gallery sticking out and the roof going in, giving an appearance as if the house were about to fall. I have given these details as I want to show that there is much to see even in a street like this, which some might avoid as being absolutely uninteresting but there is plenty of fun hidden in these old buildings.

Anyhow, we were glad when we reached the coolness of the Roshanara Gardens from where we returned home by the usual way.

*February 17th*—In the evening we went for a drive to the Jumna; we took the Asmanpur Lane which leads us to the bridge. On the way, we see the back of the Fort on the right; taking a curve to the left, we pass a few huts, the humble homes of the people who live on the banks of the river, mostly fishermen and 'dhobies', midst which stands a little shrine erected to the gods. Notable too are the ruins of an old castle. A little beyond is the foot of the bridge over which go certain of the railways (not the G. I. P.) and through which are two ways, one for going to the other end, and the second for returning. These again, are divided in two, for pedestrians and vehicles. The gates are opened every half-hour—they had just been closed as we came up.

We now had a look at the river; it is broad only at a certain part, then dwindles into streamlets that lose themselves in the surrounding fields. The banks are covered thickly with fine white sand which, when a breeze comes along, gets scattered in the air, shrouding everything as in a mist. The river was at its ebb this evening. On its very edge stand some huts, which are of no consequence, as every time the river rises during the rains they are washed away and new ones have to be built.

We then drove back by another road; from this end to the other (which comes out at Metcalfe House), the



road is unbroken and passes through an avenue of beautiful trees of a peculiar shape—the trunk grows to a good height and the branches, all green, grow in a circular shape above, thus making it look like a powder-puff on a stick—and on both hands lie large cultivated fields. A single bungalow and a few graves is all that one sees till we come to the back of the Woodlands Hotel and further, Metcalfe House. Here the road turns, bringing us to the front of Metcalfe House, which is a magnificent white building with an immense lawn, the next in size to the Secretariat. The building is in three blocks, the centre one having pillars in front and a terrace on one side, much like those found in Italian villas, and which for a moment strongly resembles our Government House also. It is for the use of the members of the Imperial Legislative Council when they come to Delhi for the sessions and there are three blocks so as to accommodate members of different communities by themselves. By this time we had emerged into Alipur Road.

*February 21st*—This morning I went for a walk with my father. We took the Flagstaff Road, which we had not as yet climbed to its end. The gradient is delightful for walking as on the left is a scene as on a hill-station, waste land, boulders and a riding-path, while on the right the tops of the buildings on Alipur Road, peep through the gaps among the fine trees that grow on the slope. We now reach the tower, a big circular building of red stone, with battered doors and no flagstaff as it is never used for any purpose now. A sentry still marches there, though, and admits those desirous of

going up the tower to enjoy the bird's eye view. We, however, did not do so, as even from where we stood, we could see enough—to the south a stretch of canvas indicating the camps, to the north, the whole of Alipur Road with its many streets and beyond, the Jumna and the fields, the east and west each presenting the sight of a ribbon-like road and the busy life below. We descended by the western road, coming across small ancient remains, hunting-lodges and prayer-places and the solitary grave of an Englishman, who died in the Mutiny.

As we came down to Alipur Road it was getting sunny, (for all this while it had remained cloudy,) though a very strong breeze greatly marred the pleasantness otherwise felt, as one could hardly walk against the airy current and our sunshades were in danger of being blown away from our hands.

*February 22nd*—In the morning we went to see the Fort; before we can enter the Lahore Gate, we have to buy admission tickets from the clerk outside. The Fort at present, is garrisoned by Highlanders; it should be remembered that visitors are only allowed to see the palace buildings— all around these are modern barracks where a large part of the Delhi garrison is kept. As the Fort is not to be described lightly, I shall do so in Appendix I.

*February 23rd*—In the evening we went to see the Coronation pillar which marks the site of the Imperial dais is 1911. The route is to go straight from the

Kingsway Station, past the artillery camp, then, turn to the west through a vast stretch of uncultivated land, then through a gate which indicates the boundary of the durbar area, a short course and now we are at the foot of the pillar.

The pillar is of gray granite, shaped like Cleopatra's Needle and stands on a broad stone platform having 28 steps to ascend first. The base of the pillar must at least be 10 ft. in height, but the height of the pillar could not be ascertained. On the base are commemorative inscriptions.

Looking at the steps again, we noticed that after the first few steps from the ground was a kind of landing; this break is due to the fact that the lower portion was built expressly for the coronation and it was here, facing the south, that the Imperial thrones were placed, opposite which, at some distance, was the princes' pavilion, now marked by a mound semicircular in shape. The plan and site of the general amphitheatres are also marked by mounds, which are all round the place, from south-west to north-west. A strip of red earth, from the steps to the princes' mound shows the way the nobles came to render homage to His Majesty.

Here, there was not another soul in sight except ourselves at first, but as we were about to leave, a babyish voice piped out for 'bakshish'; it was the small son of the care-taker and we did not disappoint him.

*February 24th*—This morning's drive is noted only for the fact that we came to a part of the city where some ruins stand ; it was a part of the Sadr and we had come by an unpleasant new way, the Mithai Pool, but fortunately we had managed to land ourselves in an open space studded with broken mosques, tombs and—'idghas,' that is, places of local pilgrimage, being shrines of certain saints and among these was the tomb of Sultana Rezia Begum, which we did not visit at close quarters. We now wanted to get to the Civil Lines again but were fated to remain in the place for a while longer, as it was not so very easy to get out of the slow-moving traffic and thus we found time to inspect a vegetable stall where a large red product, somewhat like a beetroot attracted our attention and was found to be called a "ratan-chore"! What that means I do not know but the odd name always summons a smile.

*February 25th*—This morning we wanted to see the Jame Musjid. I shall first describe its outward appearance. The building occupies much space and is built in the usual architectural style of musjids—the fore-part by itself and two wings, one on each side receding ; then comes a wide courtyard where the faithful congregate to pray and beyond it the musjid proper. The musjid is very high, there being nearly thirty high steps from the ground on three sides. In front is a large 'maidan' where also people pray ; on a great day thousands assemble here as this Jame' Musjid is *the* place for prayer among all others—it is the "cathedral mosque of India."

but stalls were erected, each depicting some stage of child-life. The exhibits began with the right kind of clothes for a child, then healthy cradles, then all the best of the patent foods, not quacks, but genuine stuff that doctors really recommend for babies, and in each stall a doctor lectured on one particular subject. Now came two huts, one representing the conditions of living of the poor as they are and the other as they should be. The former showed how one room is crowded with odds and ends, how unhygienic is the way of cooking, how dirty the utensils, and above all a sick child lying anyhow and inhaling the most impure air. The other hut showed how the same articles could be arranged in a healthy way and how sick children should be cared for. It was a very good idea, as for the uneducated seeing is better than hearing and a great many people were evidently impressed, the way they made appreciative gestures.

But on the whole, the exhibition appeared to be disappointing to a Bombayite, though for Delhi it was a fair success; let not this however, detract any merit from the strenuous efforts of the committee who, after all, managed to get even so much enthusiasm from the apathetic population—apathetic so far as personal betterment is concerned.

We then proceeded straight for a drive by the Muttra Road, a grand trunk road that goes uninterruptedly for 77 miles to Muttra. One sees many historical sights here; from where we started was once

the flourishing suburb of Dariaganj but now there is nothing but a few poor houses and shops; then comes the Delhi Gate, one of those still existent out of the former ten and marks the southern boundary of Shah-jahanabad: it is in good condition, as is also the whole of the city wall. We now enter the area once known as Ferozeabad as the Delhi of Ferozeshah Tughlak had stood here: going by the fine broad road bordered by trees and fields, we see ancient and modern buildings; the District Jail and road to Raisina on one hand and on the other the remains of Ferozeshah's "Kotla" (small fort) and Ferozeshah's 'lat' (lath---pillar), a similar one to Asoka's pillar near the Monument; a great epic is written round it by some bard of olden days setting forth the trouble and final success of Ferozeshah in bringing it to Delhi, across the Jumna, from the place where it originally was.

It must not be thought that the Kotla and the District Jail are opposite each other, but as some sights are on the right and some on the left, although they may be a good distance from one another, I have to write in this way as it is very difficult to describe their exact relative positions.

To proceed, we now passed only some minor tombs and caravan-serais and then came to the Puranna Killa (Old Fort) the residence of Humayun, which is said to have been erected on the same spot as Indrapat—the first Delhi. The killa is a gaunt austere ruin and the deserted windows, with the unearthly dusky light in them

give free play to one's imagination about "ghosts in clanking armour." Opposite this is the Lal Darwaza (Red Gate) said to be the gate of a fort of Sher-Shah, the usurper. As we go further, we see nothing but fields of grain and tobacco and big trees that grow so close and the dusk and the aroma peculiar to woods all reminded us of not any town but some quiet nook of a country side. The G. I. P. Ry. line goes behind these fields.

Here now is the tomb of one Isa Khan, a noble, the dome of which is of blue mosaic. From here, one road leads to the tombs of Nizam-ud-din Aulia and Safdar Jung, one to the tomb of Humayun and one to the Kutub Minar. We could see the tops of the mausoleums of Humayun and Nizam-ud-din. To-day was Jume-Rát--Thursday--the day of pilgrimage to the Aulia (*i. e.*, a great learned and pious man, who was afterwards sanctified) and so throughout our drive we were harassed by the local vehicles tongas "jhatkas" and "ekkas" (these last two are rather worse than tongas but the Indians have acquired a knack of accommodating four or even five people in one vehicle) laden with bulky men and fat purdah women galloping madly and raising enough dust to choke us. Flies, too, are a nuisance on this road--they are no doubt, attracted by the general type of traffic, carts dragged by dirty camels and filled with vegetables from the adjoining fields.

*February 27th*—In the morning we went to see the Purannā Killa carefully. We approached it by path a

little distance from the Lal Darwaza and went in by the chief gate. As is the rule with most ancient buildings, the gate itself commands attention; it is of red stone, minutely carved and has three windows in its storey (all gates have storeys where one can still go) each with a dome at the top. The doors are massive and nails still remain to show where the bolts were, once. Then we come to an immense court-yard, which in olden days was covered with buildings—the interior of the fort—and later on by the huts of the poor who acquired the grounds as their dwelling place but the British Government, made a clean sweep of them and now we have a velvety lawn with broad paths. The remains are—the front walls of the fort, some other walls here and there, Sher Shah's mosque and Humayun's library.

Only the last two buildings are worth seeing; the mosque was built by Sher Shah who usurped Humayun's throne in 1539—he was killed in a battle eight years after, but Humayun was not able to regain the kingdom till some years later.

The mosque is of red sandstone, having five arched entrances on each side; the central arch is massive and much decorated and from here we enter the single large hall of prayers, where there are two more arches from the ceiling which is painted. One of these arches had given way and was buttressed by Lord Curzon's orders. The whole left side of the hall has recesses in which priests took their stand while the Imam always preached from the pulpit in front. There is much minute workmanship to notice in the recesses, which have



marble panels and designs in blue mosaic. The style of the whole architecture is that known as the Late Pathan.

The mosque being by itself on the great lawn, we are again in the open as we come out of the hall on the other side, where there is a well, sunk by the late Amir Habibullah, in commemoration of his visit to the mosque. From here one can see the Jumna fairly well and the view of the river, from wherever it is seen, is much the same.

The library of Humayun, known also as the Sher Mandal is an octagonal, two-storeyed building, in the style of a tower and with a small kiosk on the top ; it is all of grey sandstone, which gives it a very severe appearance, in fact, the building is interesting only for its historical associations. It was while descending the stairs of this library that Humayun slipped and broke his neck and no wonder, the steps are a foot high and quite steep, even for a sure-footed person, so how awkward it must have been for the poor old king !

The walls of the fort already mentioned are also grey ; some parts are still at their original height while others have crumbled down though where possible buttresses have been erected for support. The lower part of the walls have recesses like sentry-boxes and they were really occupied by one soldier in each for this purpose in olden days.

However, we were not able to see anything properly as a strong wind had arisen which blew every



guard lines and the Viceregal Lodge in the making but we missed the right turning and floundered round and round, seeing some more aspects of the new city—the large plots laid out for gardens, the broad roads, ‘kutcha’ as yet, and the hollow mounds of bricks through which small green leaves showed themselves indicating future avenues. The plots are more or less square and are to be named after generals such as “Foch Square,” “Haig Square” and so on. We had now, however, taken a road that brought us out again at the Delhi Gate from where we went to Chandni Chowk and thence to the hotel.

*March 3rd*—In the evening we drove straight along “the nameless road” which as I have said before, begins from the point where the Kingsway starts also, to the north-west.

The first thing of note on this road is the electric power-house, with a very high chimney and the constant noise of the engines which from a distance always deceives one into the thought that a motor is approaching from behind.

Then come gardens, privately owned, but open to the public. Here certain spots are covered with closely-planted trees of powder-puff shape which form a canopy overhead, while the rest of the garden is mostly a lawn with few flowers, but many fruit and “babal” trees. The last named tree is most common and is found all over the place. It is a characteristic of Delhi gardens that they are more like parks than what the

word 'garden' usually conveys to one's mind. The green avenue was now broken on the right side revealing a dairy behind which are fields serving as pastures for the cattle who were grazing while a long house serves as the dairy as well as residential quarters for the people who run it. There is poultry and we saw the fowls going to roost.

Now we were in the absolute open, with grain fields on each hand, which seemed to have been but lately furrowed and on their edges were deep holes, probably warrens, for we saw a man with a gun and two dogs, evidently in search of game and then one dog dived into a hole and a bunny scampered away. We also saw a stray hyena and a fox, slinking in and out of the woods beyond.

We had to-day seen altogether four of the gardens, parks or orchards—whatever you will, when we came to cross-roads, one going to the populous village of Vazirabad and the other to the Roshanara gardens so we retraced our steps, and here I shall mention two details of the Alipur Road.

In the gardens of two private bungalows are two Burmese dragons in stone having an antique look, but they are of as late a date as 1911, since this spot was the Burma Camp then and the dragons adorned its gate.

The other detail is a number of stone huts, some of them utilised as homes by the lowest of the menial class, which are studded along the road, specially near

the Camp Hotel and which, we were told, were formerly shelters on the battle field—whenever enemies were uncomfortably near, officers took refuge in them, so our modern “funk-holes” are no new idea!

*March 4th*—In the evening we explored new roads in the city; going from Chandni Chowk we visited a different part of the Sadr and crossed the Dufferin Bridge, where it was difficult to get the carriage across as the traffic is too much for the space there but at last we ended on a new road going to Roshanara Gardens and the suburb of Malkaganj; we went through this district noticing the poor but tidy cottages and huts and the craving for ornamentation in the Indian heart which tries to express itself in primitive fashion in the weird designs rudely executed and in startling colours on the walls of the humblest house. The houses are built of bricks and some are only mud, plastered and painted.

Leaving the road to Roshanara Gardens, we took the other one going from here to the Mutiny Monument and thence to the Circular Road.

*March 5th*—This evening we visited the tomb of Humayun. Going through the gate I have already mentioned before, we came to a great courtyard, with the usual empty water-channel through a green lawn and red gravel paths.

The general shape of the mausoleum resembles Safdar Jung's, but this is of red sandstone and the carved designs are brilliantly brought out in white, the dome too

having white lines. The whole thing is one of the most graceful and impressive examples of such architecture.

Here too, there are two storeys; the first one is a family vault and contains 125 tombs in all, of Humayun's family and friends. There is not much to see here but the second storey is full of interest, I am told, as I did not go up but had to remain where I was and admire the outside beauty. On the second storey is the cenotaph as in mausoleums the real grave is of course underground and when big buildings are built around it, the spot is indicated by an empty tomb, usually placed in the highest storey, right in a perpendicular line with the original below. Around this false tomb here is a beautiful marble screen which is the gem of the place.

After the others had descended, we all then walked about the lawn, pausing near the twelve-pillared pavilion which is to be found near most tombs. From here a fine view of the Jumna can be obtained. At a short distance stand two or three other tombs one of them very pretty, with a blue mosaic dome and brass doors which is said to be that of Humayun's favourite barber, the others being of his cobbler and his "choorigar," a dealer in bangles. We should have inspected these closely had there been time, but it was already dark and so we left the resting-place of one of the most romantic figures in Indian History.

*March 6th*—This morning we were lucky enough to find the Jumna Bridge open, after our motor drive to

the Coronation Pillar and the Monument and back, *via* a cleaner part of Sabji Mandi where there are local schools and hospitals and a lazaretto.

The bridge is very long, but broad enough only to allow of one vehicle at a time, but the perspective view from end to end is very interesting as it shows a triangle with a very sharp apex and as our motor slowly glided in, the iron trellis on both hands and the Jumna reminded one strongly of the former Ballard Pier. The view is almost wholly of the river in all its silvery stateliness; on the left, a crowd of washermen rather spoilt the effect by hanging linen on the otherwise pretty wooded banks. As we emerged at the other end we saw a lot of local traffic-carts full of people or goods, bullocks, mules and pedestrians—a motley crowd. While returning by the second division of the bridge, we could see the Fort and the ruins of Salimgarh on our right.

A drive through the bridge is truly delightful and as it is generally so hard to be in time, we considered ourselves quite lucky to-day.

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## CHAPTER IV.

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AGRA.  
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Next morning, *i. e.*, on the 7th, my parents, aunts and myself started on a trip to Agra by the Punjab Mail leaving at 9-25 A. M. This was the first chance we had of seeing the interior of the Delhi Station properly which is very large, having ten platforms and spacious waiting rooms while an over-bridge in the building leads one from the general platform near the entrance to the platforms from where the respective trains start. We went to platform No. 6 and after a few minutes we steamed out, punctually.

The first station the train stopped at was Delhi Sadr; this is done to facilitate matters for residents in this vicinity, who otherwise would be greatly inconvenienced by having to go to or from the main station. We were now going on a line parallel to the Muttra Road and seeing the familiar sights of the Puranna Killa and Humayūn's tomb beyond the tobacco fields to the north-east and the Kutub Minar, Raisina and Tughlakabad to the south-west. Past these, we came to a picturesque country side—broad fields, with their cultivators busy at work, fine tall trees and ever and anon the Muttra Road espied from the gaps in the woods, now near, now a curve again taking us farther, traversed rapidly by a tonga or a motor-car. As we neared Kosi Kalan, the scene grew prettier for first come the irrigation canals of Okhla—long channels of muddy water, it is true, but



gloriously greenified by the reflections of the trees, passing close by the railway line. We now stop at the station of Kosi which appears to be a flourishing town. Going onwards through much the same kind of country we again stop, at the junction of Muttra, which has a fine station and is noted for its ancient Hindu remains and temples, some of which we can see from the train. Now there were no more stoppages till we alighted at Agra, having had a fleeting glimpse of the gate and white minarets of Sikandra.

The station of Agra Cantonment (there is also another one, called Agra Fort, right opposite the Fort) is very pretty for as we stand on the platform we see only a neat little garden and the waiting-rooms of this miniature station. Everything is done in a most orderly way—the coolies quietly take our luggage, without any wrangling, while passengers going to hotels are met and conducted to waiting carriages by the “runners” (guides) of their respective hotel. Ours was from the Hotel Cecil, where we sojourned.

Though it was well over one o'clock, and the vehicles had their hoods down, it was an extremely pleasant drive as it was a cloudy and cool day. Our route went by the Post Office, a beautiful building, of red stone. Though small, its architecture is better-looking with its small, well-shaped dome than the ungainly features of our G. P. O. in Bombay. There were no other important buildings, except the house where meets the Agra Club. Then we drove into the spacious compound

of the hotel where we were pleasantly surprised to see a profusion of flowers, including hydrangeas in all shades of purple and blue.

We were received by the motherly old Mrs. Hotz, the proprietress, and her son, who conducted us through the well-furnished drawing-room to the dining-room, immediately adjoining which were our two rooms.

These rooms were very commodious and high, even more than those of Maiden's Hotel and quite as cool and if not elegantly, they were all quite comfortably furnished, the only weak spot being the spring bedsteads which screeched horribly when one turned on them.

The afternoon was spent in settling ourselves and in the evening some of our party visited the tomb of Etmad-Ud-Dowlah.

Night fell and then it was found that there were many mosquitoes in Agra whereas not one in Delhi and so Mrs. Hotz had very sensibly provided curtains for the beds ; they bade us good-night in a screechy chorus while later on, another guest unconsciously provided a droning lullaby by strumming some short country tunes on the piano.

*March 8th*--This morning we had a look at the hotel from the outside and the garden. The hotel is in two blocks and the newer block has a storey. The older and chiefer block where our rooms were, has two

sitting rooms, one the ordinary kind, with a grand piano, good pictures, pretty bead curtains and cushions and knick-knacks, while the other contains a collection of brass-ware artistically arranged and all for sale; a huge dragon attracts particular attention and the room provides an easy way for the antiquarian to obtain what he wants with the least trouble.

The garden has a sun dial in the middle in a pretty good position for correctness and around it on all sides are beds full of sweet-smelling flowers, lilies, sweet-peas, roses and smaller blooms, not to forget the hydrangeas. Then, one hears, the continuous cries of birds such as the common swallow, the wood-pecker and the wild-dove and the singing of others, all of which tend to make the garden an ideal place to stroll in.

As to the management and cuisine of the hotel, it was quite good, but of course not to be compared with Maiden's Hotel; the personality of Mrs. Hotz and her two sons is a great factor in the smooth running.

By this time it was time for breakfast after which we proceeded, in a landau, to Sikandra, 5 miles from the city where stands the mausoleum of the great emperor Akbar. The village of Sikandra is named after Sikander Lodi who had his capital there. The road is very pleasant, once you pass the suburb of Shahganj (which is one of the filthiest and dustiest places we have seen) after crossing the railway line. Now begins an avenue with fields of wheat, pulse and corn on each hand, bounded by hedges of henna in bloom and huge

mounds of hay are a prominent feature. It took us about an hour to reach the gate, but as there is much to describe I shall do so in Appendix V.

It was a hot day and on our return journey we were greatly annoyed with the dust storm raised by a warm wind, with the sun blazing fiercely.

At the hotel, during the interval to lunch, many of the guests can while away the time inspecting the wares that petty tradesmen are allowed to display on the verandah, all the articles peculiar to these cities—models of the Taj, fancy boxes and paper-weights and toys in alabaster and marble, brass-work that is the speciality of Moradabad and many other interesting items. We were able to get some pretty little things, while I chose a brass “kukri” paper-knife which I have made my mascot and which lies before me just now as I write.

And here I might mention our servant, whom we had engaged for our short stay. He was a standing joke; first of all we could not remember his name—Naban—so easy on paper but it wasn't for us at the time. We used to call him by any variation that occurred, Nabaj—Naman—Naram and once Dum—Dum! Gujrati-knowing people will understand why the variations were funny. Then his ways were very comical, he would appear as if by clock-work and carry out orders with many bows but one day his hasty zeal brought him a fall, a real one, over three steps and with a loaded tray in his hands which all went smash.

In the evening we motored to the Taj Mahal; we go by the Taj Road which is as beautiful as any in Delhi, past the Circuit house, (a fine building, for the use of high officials) and through the MacDonnell Park, which is extensive and contains golf-links. Near the Taj are some caravan-scrails and then there is the gate. On the East and West the Taj has a musjid, where one can go to by the roads leading from the gate. Details of this most beautiful sight in India and one of the seven wonders of the world are given in Appendix II.

As it was still early, we went for a drive. Going through the whole of the MacDonnell Park which is a delightful place and where there is a massive bronze statue of Queen Victoria. As I have said, there are golf-links and a party of English people were having a game—it is quite an alfresco club. Coming out at the Fort, we turned and sped down the Mall, stopping at the fashionable shop of Ganeshi Lal & Co. They sell jewellery and silver ware and have an embroidering department. The prices are exorbitant and the proprietor haughty in manners; however as we had only gone for a look, it did not matter to us.

*March 9th*—In the morning, we visited the Fort, the road is called Metcalfe Road, and goes straight from our hotel; we first stop at the Staff Office and obtain permits and then go on. As the Fort comes in view it looks imposing and strong as it must have done through all these years, but these buttressed walls with

loop-holes for rifles would be blown to atoms by a modern gun. The area is so vast that we have to take a long curve to get to the entrance. As in Delhi, only the palace buildings are shown, the rest of the area being modern military quarters. Usually no vehicle is allowed inside the gate, but we had obtained a special permit. The Fort takes fully two hours to see, even hurriedly, and as we came out again at the Divan-i-Am (*vide* Appendix III) we found that our motor would not start! It was rather an old Chevrolet. Well, the engine was examined, some necessary wire putting and screwing and unscrewing business (which I do not understand) was done but the plug would not spark; at last, by the help of some people who had gathered, several pushes got the engine going and we emerged on the road and were successful in crossing the MacDonnell Park and a busy part of the Strand Road, where the scene is very much like old Frere Road when the docks were being built. We stopped at the office of a motor-dealer to arrange for another car; business finished, the engine was again cranked up but this time it would *not* start, try as we might. The chauffeur was done up, so it was fortunate the motor-dealer's man went to another Automobile Work and got a fine Dodge car which took us home in comfort and safety and which we engaged for the next day.

In the evening we all visited the tomb of Etmad-Ud-Dowlah, the father of Nur Jehan. First, however, we had to make some purchases at a chemist's shop, opposite which another one bore the astonishing name of

"God Help & Co."! Then we proceeded through a very pretty part of the city where the river could be seen and where it was quite bright and gay-coloured all around as the people going to and fro were in their gala dress, for a wedding. They were mostly Marwaris and we met the wedding-procession on the way, the women carrying the "jan," in Gujrati called "sais" and of which word there is no equivalent in English. The things carried are generally a number of clothes, presents and certain symbolic vessels. The people were singing and dancing.

Now our way lay across the Jumna Bridge to get where we have to pass an evil-smelling lane. The bridge here is much smaller than in Delhi but the view is more picturesque, specially on the right hand where one sees the Taj, an enchanted palace on a magic river, that is the thought it gives. From here to the mausoleum is but a few minutes' way and soon we found ourselves within its portals. This gem of a tomb will be described in Appendix V. ~

*March 10th*—In the morning we set out for Fatepur Sikri; the road is the same as far as Shahganj, but instead of turning to the right as for Sikandra, we now turn to the left. Our route lay through a busy suburb and we had to go slowly past the hustling merry crowd that is to be seen near shops in the morning, purchasing the day's wants; then comes the army rifle-range and then a fine road, midst fields where the speed of the motor could safely be increased to thirty miles per

hour. So on and on we went, finding interesting homely objects all along, everything that marks out the humble ryot and the chief source of India's prosperity, till we entered the desolate city that was to have been Akbar's glory. Here we were met by the guide of the Agra Fort who had requested to be allowed to do so when on the previous-day we had informed him of our intentions. He was an intelligent fellow and we were pleased to have his services; in fact, he appeared to us to be the only clear-headed guide amongst all those we had met both in Delhi and Agra, and who knew facts from absurd traditions even while recounting them. A full account of the sights of the city is given in Appendix IV.

On our return journey, we went to the railway station to arrange for our departure next morning and so consequently we saw some more of the civil station of Agra, schools, hospitals, the church and so on. The drives in themselves were worth while even if we had not had the additional pleasure of seeing Fatepur.

In the evening, by some inadvertance, we were unable to get a motor and had to put up with a ramshackle old landau with the old-fashioned heavy iron wheels, the only vehicle available, so great was the rush of tourists at our hotel. We went to some of the petty shops in the city, chiefly for toys. These we found in a line in one street and from them we bought some more articles like those displayed in the hotel. One shop had many models of the Taj, big and small, in marble and alabaster. One model was



big enough to hold an electric light bulb inside and when switched on, the effect was certainly very pretty. Another model was of white marble relieved with black, which had cost much labour, while there was quite a dainty replica of Etmad-Ud-Dowlah's tomb. It was in this shop too, that we saw how inlaid work is done. A plate of yellow marble was being prepared—the design was sketched on it faintly in pencil and then scooped out with fine instruments—while pieces out of the stones (generally carnelians and jades) were cut to required shapes and then studded in the plate. As we watched the process, we realised that after all the trouble involved, the prices charged were quite fair.

We returned to the hotel to deposit our purchases and three of us then went to have a final look at the Taj. It was dusk and as we viewed the majestic structure from a distance, a sense of the mystic romance of the past stole over me—visions of the ancient kings, their rise and fall were conjured up and then poems dealing with the futility of the pomp and vanity of human life forcefully asserted themselves in my mind. The Taj is really magic—it casts such an enthralling spell over one with its beauty and its associations that one can leave it, only to turn again and again while it remains in sight and then to turn away finally, carrying an impression of it that can never be erased.

*March 11th*—The passenger train, in which we had booked our seats to Delhi is scheduled to leave Agra at 11-30 A. M. so we started from the hotel at eleven, seeing the last of Naban on the road as he

went with our luggage in a shigram, bobbing up and down in the roomy carriage—he was a joke to the last. As we reached the station, we found our train had already arrived, so we hastened up the over-bridge and entered our compartment and then could leisurely inspect the surroundings. The platform, as every where, was thronged with sellers of fruit and toys and sweetmeats which were being carried about on a portable meat-safe on wheels—a very hygienic thing. To amuse ourselves we called a toy-seller and bought three plaster animals of whom we had to take care all the way lest they should get broken. It was a good occupation, as the train stopped at every station till we reached Delhi Sadr punctually at 6 P. M. and then stuck there for half an hour and at last proceeded to the main station.

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## CHAPTER V.

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MY DIARY. (*Contd.*)  
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*March 12th*—Back in dear old Delhi, we resumed our visits to places of interest there ; this evening we went through the Sadr to Raisina, by the Broadway, stopping at Jai Singh's observatory, known as the "jantar-mantar" a corruption of a Sanskrit word ending with "yantra" (instrument) and which meant an instrument for knowing all about the stars. The observatory was almost destroyed some years ago but the British Government have reconstructed it on the old model. It consists of two triangular blocks which can be mounted, while at their side, on the ground, is a part of a huge dial. I am writing this from what I saw from the outside, as the ground was swamped owing to the rain that had fallen overnight and so my aunts and I remained in the carriage, while my father and Mr. Purvez (who had taken Mr. Noble's place by now) went and had a nearer look at it. It was getting rainy again so we hurried home.

*March 13th*—In the morning we went to another part of the Sadr by way of what once was the Turkoman Gate. The bazar here is very much like our Bombay market shops and even dirtier. Potatoes rolling away from over-full bags filled the road, which was almost blocked by carts from which bags were unloaded and loaded. Being morning, much cooking was going on and our olfactory nerves were tickled with savours of

'brian', dry fish being fried and sundry other things. From here we went to the Roshanara Gardens.

In the evening we were at home, as it had started raining since the afternoon and during the evening it was "cats and dogs" with a strong wind. The atmosphere which had been getting warmer was cooled and remained so till the end of the month. By night, the rain stopped, but there was a pool of water in the garden which made many guests take their dinner in their rooms, instead of trying to walk across to the dining-room.

*March 14th*—This afternoon we motored to the shrine of Nizamuddin Aulia and then to Okhla by the trunk road which affords an extremely pleasant drive from where we proceeded to Tughlakabad and the Kutub Minar. At the last-named place, the Viceroy and Capt. Lascelles were among the visitors. After refreshing ourselves at the Dak bungalow we went homewards, there being no time to go to Safdar Jung's tomb. Though it had been bright and clear when we started, a shower overtook us on our return. For an amplified account, *vide* Appendix VI.

*March 15th*—This evening we once more traversed "the nameless road" and turned towards the Roshanara Gardens. Here are some more private gardens; as we walked, we heard loud noises and 'shoo'-ing and sounds of sticks and stone-slinging—it appeared that the halloo-balloo was the usual way of frightening away birds who come to peck the fruit! This might be an effective way but the terrific din is rather too much, the owners might

show a little 'progressiveness' by instituting some more modern and less noisy method! However, we now came to a by-road which takes us to the polo ground. This road goes through wheat fields and the golden grain looks peculiarly beautiful in the auburn glory of sunset.

I forgot to mention that this morning we visited St. James' Church. A christening was in progress, so we went in after it was over. Meanwhile, we had been inspecting the garden where there is the Mutiny Cross, a big iron cross on an orb of the same metal; it is riddled with bullets from the 'mutineers' rifles, who did not spare the church during their furious attacks. At the back of the church is a small cemetery, a good many tombs being of members of the Skinner family; Colonel Skinner (who is buried near the altar) was the founder of this church and the originator of "Skinner's House", while his grandson at present greatly helps the holy building erected by him.

Going inside we first see the marble font, on each side of which are the seats in rectangular form. Near the altar are two pulpits, and on one an open Bible was reposing on an elegant stand. Here in the middle is the marble slab marking Col. Skinner's grave and in the bases of the lovely stained windows are engraved inscriptions on marble giving an account of the founding and subsequent progress of the church. The altar itself is very beautiful, being covered with cloth of gold and two golden candlesticks on each side. The wall is covered with three fine pictures, the centre one depicting the

Crucifixion. The arrangements were in apple-pie order, as the Viceroy's daughter's wedding was to take place here next day.

The architecture of the church is like St. Paul's in London, at least the dome is very similar.

*March 16th*.—In the morning we turned into a lane, beginning at the northern end of Chandni Chowk. Here one finds any variety of trades but specially toys. First we passed some jewellers and then came to the toy-shops whose stocks comprise dainty little models (in brass) of tongas, joy-wheels, bullock carts, baskets of small brass utensils forming a kitchen-set, dolls dressed-up as kings and queens in green and gold robes and a few European toys. We wanted the Indian toys, which are a speciality of these parts, the industry being absolutely indigenous and we were a long time deciding the merits of these pretty articles, but finally our carriage was littered over with parcels. The lane is so narrow that we could not turn and had to go straight on till we came out on the high road; it is one of the filthiest lanes we have seen and the sight of sweetmeats black with flies and then being eaten, the dirty appearance of every shop and the uncleanness indulged in by the inhabitants calls for grave and prompt action of the sanitary authorities—even an elementary knowledge of personal hygiene would be a great thing for these people.

In the afternoon, from our hotel, we were fortunate to see the Viceroy's daughter returning from the church. It was a regular procession—first came a squadron of the

Viceroy's Bodyguard, then the carriages of the bride and bride-groom and Their Excellencies, followed by another military squadron and carriages of the guests. We could not see the bride properly—only her head-dress.

*March 18th*—In the morning, after driving to the Chandni Chowk, my younger aunt, Mr. Purvez and myself went for a walk in the Kudsia Gardens. We passed a broken gate under the shelter of a cluster of bamboos and then came to the smaller garden where there were but few flowers but it was good to bask in the warm sunshine and view the Jumna. Then we crossed the big velvety lawn with its eucalyptus trees and the mound from where the British guns breached the Wall in 1857, coming to the large garden which is now really the property of the 'Superintendent' whose bungalow we could see. There was a profusion of roses—La France, Paul Neran and Marshal Neil—and jasmines. We espied a fine Paul Neran and plucked it, also a handful of jasmines and then seeing the mali's eye on us, we quietly walked away, carrying a queer-looking umbrella—it had green leaves and red petals peeping out, an uncanny thing if you did not know the flowers were deposited therein!

In the evening, we took the road diverging from the Alipur Road near the Secretariat; it goes winding on to Timarpur and as it is made through the former bed of the Jumna and is little used, we had a good many stones and a lot of sand for the carriage to lurch over. The aspect is barren here, dry grass and stones, till you first come to a white tomb and the remains of a mosque. The

white, dilapidated tomb is that of Mohamed Shah Rangila (*i. e.*, M. the Jolly) who reigned from 1719 to 1748. The mosque still shows the gallery where the zenana ladies used to come and sit to pray. The height of the walls is barely six feet and a dozen ladies must have been a tight fit; besides they had to mount twentyone-foot-high steps (still remaining) to reach their place—but of course it must all have been very jolly for the emperor! A little further, a part of the Jumna has been dammed and flows through a channel, supplying water to Timarpur. It is a picturesque little scene—the silver stream flowing midst green pastures and the clear blue sky above. From here we went forward to Timarpur where being evening, the residents were much in evidence in the streets. We came out at the Cavalry Lines, on the Kingsway and then took the usual way home.

*March 19th*—This evening we had something of an adventure in the Mubarak Bagh. We left the carriage at the entrance on the “nameless road” but later on sent word to have it brought to the other side, on the road to Roshanara Gardens and then thought no more about the matter.

Well, the garden was very pleasant; near the entrance, the trees are mostly of ‘bor’ and ‘lokut,’ (a sour fruit) and heaps of the former had been gathered by the keepers from which we were offered handfuls. As we went along the path was literally littered with roses, for there were bushes on both hands and the flowers were scattering their petals. We went on plucking the best





lines of its domes and minarets are exquisite. After standing on the road (opposite the fort) for some time, we turned back—good-bye, you gaunt grey ruin!

*March 21st*—This morning we re-visited the Fort. We had omitted to see the Hira Mahal, the two pavilions named Sawan and Bhado, the Shah-Burj and the Nehr-i-behesht. I shall describe them also in Appendix I, thus giving a whole account of the Fort therein.

In the evening, we went again to Mubarak Bagh. After the recent showers, the trees were quite crisp and the atmosphere cool and as this time we had the carriage taken through the garden, the pleasure was doubled. Of course, we gathered roses and had enough for two big bouquets. Then we went straight along the Roshanara Road where the only thing to note is the existence of three old gates and some more gardens. And so we had our last drive in Delhi.

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## CHAPTER VI.

## THE RETURN JOURNEY.

On March 22nd we had the very last drive through the familiar and much liked roads; we went by the Mori Gate to the station. The weather was cold again, almost  $55^{\circ}$ , a great drop from the recent heat, but not much compared to the  $38^{\circ}$  on our arrival. The train started, but I was not very pleased—to leave these cool haunts and historic sites for the smoky, stuffy hustle-bustle and hum-drum life of Bombay was hardly an exhilarating idea.

I shall not describe the journey from Delhi to Jhansi as I have already done so, but incidents at Agra and Gwalior might be allowed to transgress. When we left Agra a fortnight ago we had asked for some model bullock carts, made of paper and not finding any had half-jocularly given an order and then forgotten all about it. So we were rather surprised to-day to see three men all with these carts which, of course, we bought. It is really ingenious how they are made, specially the drivers, with turbans of tinted paper and crisp most life-like clothes and attitudes. At Gwalior, we saw a Begam in a palanquin, escorted by a squadron and waiting for the train to move so that they could cross over to the polo-ground, where a gala affair was evidently taking place.

At 6 P. M. we reached Jhansi and alighted for a stroll along the fine waiting-rooms of this station.

Many of the residents were on the platforms, as interested in us as we were in them. The town itself seems to be interesting and climatically pleasant.

Next morning it was cold enough till Khandwa but after leaving Bhusaval—another good station—it got warmer. This being a cotton district we saw many mills and then again the scene changed into an agricultural one.

Nandgaon and Manmad were also rather interesting, but after that the heat drove out all other thoughts except of ice and cold drinks. It was intolerable on the Ghats and only at Kalyan did we feel better as a fresh breeze came over the pretty little Uhlas river. We were steaming into Bombay and at 5 P. M. the Punjab Mail punctually brought us to the Victoria Terminus.

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## CHAPTER VII.

## IMPRESSIONS.

Delhi has made various impressions on me and each may be put under a distinct heading. I shall begin with that conventional, conversational opening—the weather, or rather the climate. It is dry—when cold there is no damp, when hot, no moisture, yet sharp extremes of heat and cold. As I have said, we had more of the latter, which was certainly a tonic and personally, I never felt better; digestions also seemed wonderfully capable of absorbing square meals and yet make us feel as “brisk as a bee.” I cannot say the same of Agra. The only time we felt heat was on our return from that place, till rain fell, but our rooms in the hotel were so built that it was always cool inside.

From what I have said about the city, it will be seen that one need not have a single dull moment, that if we only stick even to the gardens, drives, walks and such rustic pastimes, without examining the ancient remains, we have enough, provided we prefer to “view the violet cool than sip the glowing wine” but those who wish for more solid pleasure will also find these places idyllic to indulge in alfresco picnics or any other sport.

Volumes could be written on the conflicting feelings engendered by the historical associations, but I shall not say much, as repetition will be inevitable and no amount of repetition will exactly convey my real impressions

of their magnificence, the glory and fall of their builders, the golden and grey threads that weave together such unforgettable pictures of history—taking these as a whole, I ask “what tongue relate thee”?

Of the people there is not much to be said, except that they seemed to be of a meek type and servants bore scoldings in an exemplary manner. I did not notice so great a variety of races as is to be found in Bombay and consequently there was nothing so cosmopolitan and picturesque as a street-crowd here. The garb of the women is peculiarly quiet being generally white Marwaris lending what touches of colour there are.

From these people, let us for a moment regard a much higher personage, a former Viceroy, whose love for the beautiful and the antique has preserved for us many architectural splendours that would otherwise have decayed; I mean Lord Curzon. He may be twitted as being a “most superior purzon” but his artistic superiority over many people and the proofs that he has left of it command the respect of every enthusiast of true art.

The business side of this city we did not study, but Chandni Chowk is certainly an extremely busy thoroughfare since most of the banks and offices are here. It is reputed to be one of the wealthiest streets in the world.

Being in the heart of India, politics cannot be avoided. My first and only attendance at a council meeting chilled me through—these men the legislators of India, I do not mean the official and non-official

Englishmen—if some of them have the bureaucratic, aggressive look, yet it only shows a determined character, a force for seeing things through. In contrast, how intellectually poor, (with a few exceptions) specially in qualities of debate, half of our Indians are! I hope I may be pardoned if I am too hard on them.

The reforms will give chances to more Indians, to men who can really represent the people and voice their feelings, let us hope. A lot of Home Rule hot air will be let off, but what do the people say, the people, on whose behalf a handful of men *assume* "leadership"? "Yea ameldari theeck hai, 'ham rule', kaiku chai-e?" "G.....only comes and raises a row and we innocents get killed" "when the riots began, we shut our doors and shivered"—such are the comments of the real poor people. No doubt it will be brought forward that these are vague statements—but not so vague as others daily printed here, with much gusto. To me the plain issue seems to be this: self-government is a noble aim, but it must be achieved by sobriety, patience and above all, capacity and responsibility for so high a duty and I have no doubt that Indians will rise to the occasion; in the meantime, is it fair of our 'politicians' to flaunt the rights of India merely as their own sign-board, a medium for *posing* as the "pillars" of Indian polity, for cheap popularity, for selfish kudos? But enough—quo vadis, my pen, and quo vadis, India?

But all this recedes from my mind and there comes the Taj Mahal with its soothing influence. Delhi held

me, Agra pleased me, our whole stay was a round of innocent enjoyment, but it is the Taj that has engraved itself on my mind—above the hum of politics, above busy commerce, above the every-day things of every-day life, rises the memory of the Taj, even as its minarets rise far above the highest trees.

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## APPENDIX I.

## THE DELHI FORT.

Before entering, we shall have a good look at the Lahore Gate, a massive structure of red stone, the two side towers surmounted by kiosks and the flat surface between occupied by seven small, white domes; the mightiness of the gate is increased by the barbicans erected by Aurangzebe but the whole fort was built by Shah Jehan, at a cost of nearly two and a half crores of rupees.

Now we are passing the Royal Bazar—in olden days it extended far into the palace grounds, having royal favour and Shah Jehan's idea of holding it under cover of the gate was much appreciated, but at present there are only some petty shops on both sides of the road, where it is very dark. Emerging into the open, we see the spectacle of well-arranged guns, all trophies from Mesopotamia, and from where we go to the first building of note, the Naubat Khana (Music Hall). It has two storeys, the first one being now occupied as the office of some regimental officer. On the second storey is the War Museum, but in the emperors' days royal musicians used to sit on the galleries and give performances at four fixed hours per day.

Behind this is a great court-yard, made into a beautiful lawn with cypress trees and on one side a thick natural screen of creepers and straggling rose-bushes.



As the inner hall cannot be traversed with boots on we had to stand on the outer court-only.

The prayer hall is paved with black and white marble but the pulpit at the farther end and the three arched recesses are pure white. There is much carving.

From here one can either go still further behind the Divan-i-Am to the Divan-i-Khas or go forward; on our first visit we took the former course but as I must describe the places seen during our second visit, we shall go forward till the two pavilions in the lawn, called Savan and Bhado with the Zafar-Mahl in the middle. The former two pavilions, named after Hindu months are alike, being of red sandstone and have marble panels with niches. They were built to provide waterfalls in this manner. An ingenious under-ground water-course was made (through which flowed the Jumna) passing every room in the palace, then, accumulating in the cistern in one of the pavilions and then flowing over the marble panel, again on level ground till it reached the other pavilion in a similar way. The niches of the panels were filled with red lights in the night and so the water used to get tinted and give a most beautiful effect. The Zafar-Mahl was built by Abu Zafar Bahadur Shah, the last Mohameddan King. The mighty water-course was called the Neher-i-Behest (stream of Paradise).

Retracing our steps, we now go in the direction of the Divan-i-Khas, but first seeing the Shah Burj, a separate building. The ceiling and walls were traced in

thick silver, most of which is tarnished or entirely gone, as the Rajah of Bharatpore, when he looted Delhi, wrenched off all precious stones from buildings and melted the gold and silver tissues. Next comes the Hira Mahal, a square pavilion, of no worth whatever. Then we enter the Hammam, the private rooms of the king and queen. Altogether there are five rooms; the king's hot bath-room is more broken down than the rest, but the guide delayed us with his story of the ancient hot-water system. The queen's cold bath-room is the best. A great cistern is dug in the floor, paved with marble and inlaid with jewels; here the queen would descend and after finishing her ablutions would retire to the adjoining small room, with a balcony and a fixed marble bench, where she would dress. The other rooms were much alike, but I must mention the huge and beautiful lotus carved on the marble floor of one room and from where, it is said, played a fountain of rose-water. The Neher-i-Behest runs through all these rooms.

Going over a marble passage from where a magnificent view is obtained, we enter the Divan-i-Khas (Special Audience Hall). I must describe this properly. In architecture, much like the Divan-i-Am, with the exception of the pillars which are here quite square and sturdy, it is the decoration inside which makes this hall the gem of the Fort. Every pillar has four inlaid panels at the base while the rest of it has delicate designs executed in gold-gilt. The ceiling is in squares in gold and navy-blue and the arches are painted in a variety of designs, the whole structure presenting a

spectacle of extraordinary grandeur. Many verses are also painted in gold above the pillars, the best known one being

“Agar firdaus bar rui zamin ast,

Hamin as to hamin ast o hamin ast!”

[If there be paradise on earth,

It is here, it is here, it is here!]

A massive marble platform stands at one end of the hall on which the emperor would have the Peacock Throne placed and then hold gorgeous durbars. Now, instead of the rich canopies and velvet hangings and the throne lay our hats and umbrellas, what a contrast and what a theme for reflections!

We spent much time here, as it is too beautiful a structure to be beheld lightly and then we moved to the Rang Mahl. Once, as its name implies, it was richly painted all over, but unfortunately when the British occupied the Fort in 1857, this fine place was used for a kitchen (!) and ruined for ever, the smoke having wrought havoc on the paint. All that Lord Curzon could do later on, to make amends, was to have the room whitewashed and a part of an arch re-painted like the original, to serve as a sample.

Divided from this room by a narrow passage are the three rooms known as the Tasbih Khana or Khas Mahl, private apartments of the king. The first of these has the famous “Scales of Justice” at its entrance i.e., a carved marble screen, said to be the finest in all

India, by way of design and workmanship and through an opening in it, the king would receive petitions handed in from the outside. In the middle of the decorated arch above the screen, painted on glass is an elaborate pair of scales, a symbol for the king, constantly reminding him to be just. The walls of this room have also inlaid and painted panels.

The other two rooms show us how they used to be furnished in olden days; the whole floor is covered with carpets and strewn with soft cushions, of fine silk, richly embroidered and these served as seats, there was no furniture. The king used to use a hand-rest, made of jade, which is also placed here, and two slippers give an extra touch. Thick curtains drape the wall. The other room shows the coat, sword and slippers of Bahadur Shah in the state they were left as he fled from the British in 1857. These rooms are kept closed and the doors are opened only to educated visitors. The mob have to be content with gazing through a glass pane.

The last building to see is the Mussamman Burj, abbreviated to Saman Burj and wrongly translated the "Jasmine" Tower. It is octagonal in form and that is what "mussamman" means. The panels are on a richer scale than the other rooms and can be ranked second to those in the Divan-i-Khas. The hall has a small marble balcony, facing the vast stretch of barren ground reaching the Jumna and also a few ruins of Salimgarh. It was on this very balcony that Their Majesties held the "Darshan" in 1911 and received the homage of the

people—the real loyal people, who to quote a certain authority “bowed as easily and as spontaneously as wheat-ears in a breeze.”

This finishes the artistic part and we go to the Mumtaz Mahl, now transformed into a museum. A great deal of it is devoted to archeological research and its results and we were told that a buried building was on the verge of being discovered. After we leave this part, we see cabinets exhibiting daggers, swords and other weapons, some belonging to the kings, some mere specimens of a period. Then there are clothes, some heavy jewellery of Nur Jehan's, her skirts and bodices, all gold embroidered and studded with real rubies. Also, a certain king's robes. A whole cabinet is devoted to relics of Gen. Nicholson, his bullet-torn coat, his revolver, his letters and so on, while certain pictures, drawn during the time, show some of the incidents of the Mutiny including one displaying Col. Hodson shooting the two sons of Bahadur Shah.

The third department is exclusively for coins, of all periods and values and manuscripts and books. There are also contemporary portraits of all the Mohamedan kings, who look remarkably alike, a feature of ancient portraiture. Every one holds a flower and looks uncomfortable. One could spend hours here but after the first view, we did not care to remain longer as we were rather tired.

Now for some general observations; the chief thing was the number of people of diverse communities

who thronged to see the remains of former glory. Here was a fat Punjabi woman closely followed by a Hindu family, evidently from Bombay, then some Sikhs, Europeans and another Parsi party besides ourselves. European ladies were keenly engaged in photographing and sketching choice scenes and glancing over the shoulder of a seated lady I saw a very well-done water-colour sketch of the Jumna.

An interesting fact was how the visitors were always under the eye of two soldiers, who followed them, unobtrusively and at a considerable distance; this is probably done to prevent damage being perpetrated by unruly persons, who are not uncommon at places of interest.

The Fort gives one a very cheery impression—everything is so bright, so dazzling and the marble glowing under the morning sun, diffuses a subtle cheerfulness with the sunbeams. Not less gladdening is the immense lawn with its beds of lovely flowers, specially in the paths across the Sawan and Bhado pavilions; here are beds of alternate white and purple phlox, the latter a variety hardly seen in Bombay, very velvety and rich in colour.

Some how, no thought of power, or battles or any thing that characterized a Moghul emperor is inspired by the Fort but it is a treasure house of art and architecture and as such highly gratifying to the artistic sense,

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the praise lavished on it is not at all exaggerated--the absolutely correct proportions, the graceful minarets, the gigantic basement on which is the main octagonal building, full of flowing lines and surmounted by that most perfect of domes and the longest final in the world are worthy of the greatest admiration.

We ascend a few steps and come to the upper chambers. Around the central one where the cenotaphs are, are twelve others, in groups of three. The lower parts of the walls of every one have carved panels; the designs are floral and based on the lily, iris and tulip and different for each room; the upper parts are divided into niches, we went round these, noticing the marble lattices at the windows and entered the central chamber.

Surrounded by a screen that will have to be described by itself, lie the two cenotaphs. It is at once seen that, that of Arjumand Banu Begum, better known as Mumtaz-i-Mahal is in the very centre, right under the dome whereas that of Shah Jehan is to its right, thus making the only departure from symmetry in the whole mausoleum. This is because the Taj was built expressly for Mumtaz-Mahal who occupies the best position. Shah Jehan had no thought of being buried beside her, but his death occurred while under power of his son Aurangzebe, who, according to strict religious injunctions, buried his father near his mother.

But to the cenotaphs themselves; each is carved out of one block of marble. First comes the broad base, on it the tomb, casket-shaped, in five tiers. The

base is studded with semi-precious stones, jades, jasper, lapis-lazuli, carnelian and many others, thus making the floral design appear very real. The tiers are decorated in the same way, but the fourth tier has running inscriptions. The top had been studded with precious stones, but after the loot by the Rajah of Bharatpore only a few turquoises remain. The tomb of Shah Jehan is bigger, but identical with his wife's, although there had been more jewels on its top. We saw the empty places, from where the stones were wrenched away.

Now, the screen ; it is octagonal, and has two arched panels taller than the remaining six. The carving is very fine and the minute designs, both here and on the border on top reflect skill of the highest order. Turning to the walls of the room which are like those of the other rooms, but better executed and studded with stones, we noticed that certain panels were perfect while others seemed copies. We were informed that the former were the work of Italian artists, who had a great deal to do with the beauty one so admires, while the others were really copied by Indians, who lacked the refining touch and hence the roughness of their handiwork. The edges of the walls also have inscriptions engraved thereon and the floor is decorated.

Over the cenotaphs hangs a lamp of gold and silver filigree work, presented by Lord Curzon ; on it, we were told, are inscribed the names of Shah Jehan and Mumtaz Mahal and Lord and Lady Curzon. Although made in Europe, it is typically Egyptian and no doubt,

improved upon the original (in Egypt) which served as a model.

And now the guide gave us an experience that we would fain like to have again and again. The dome is so built that loud sounds spoken under it are lost but a whisper increases melodiously. The guide softly exclaimed "Allah O Akbar" in that peculiar, solemn intonation of Muslim prayers and the sound increased in volume, at the same time evolving melodies. Truly it has been said that the murmurs represent an angelic choir, a heavenly symphony. The guide did it twice and we were enthralled by the music.

Before we left, we were given flowers from the tomb which were placed as our offering and also a substantial tip; the money is placed on the tombs first and then quietly shared by the guides. A decoy note always lies there.

In the basement, in a perpendicular line with the cenotaphs above are the real tombs, reached by way of very steep stairs. The chamber is pitch dark except for the guide's lantern. The tombs are exactly the same as the cenotaphs and thereon are more jewels remaining; we felt some of the large turquoises. Incense is burnt and after paying another tip we came up again. These vaults are awfully creepy places—the same eery feeling that takes hold of one at Sikandra is felt here and although the Taj draws more than one visit, yet I would not like to go down the vault any more.

We had seen all the artistic work and now we beheld Nature; the marble court around the main building is so wide and long that it takes fully ten minutes to walk from corner to corner. The vista is magnificent—the Jumna, a wide silvery stream, flows close by, midst an expanse of green and yellow fields beyond which we see the Fort and the city. In the field opposite, stands a tower and a wall, the beginnings of a fort, commenced by a later king who wished to erect a castle, rivalling Shah Jehan's. We stayed here for quite a long time—the sun had gone down, casting the mystic veil of twilight over the whole place. As Venice "the mausoleum city" and the "bride of the Adriatic," gathers to itself all the romance and the now dim glory of its history when it is shrouded in mists, so Agra appears from the threshold of this mausoleum, not a mere cantonment of British India, but the romantic spectre of the city of the Moguls, to be viewed in utmost silence.

Coming to the front again, we see the gate in full; the two towers at the sides have the usual kiosks, eleven of which adorn the centre of the gate. It is of two storeys, from afar, a great arch cut into two. The inlaid marble supporting the arch and the other white decorations add to the impressiveness of red stone. As we re-crossed the distance, we saw the garden full of people, tourists and the common folk, all equally enjoying the refreshing coolness of the garden. Reaching the gate we sat down on the steps, drinking in every detail of the scene before us. On our arrival, in the glare of the sun, it had not appeared so beautiful, but now one could

gaze and gaze and never feel tired. In the rooms of the towers of the gate, is a museum ; we visited one room where were specimens of every material used in the making of the Taj--slabs of marble and sandstone and pieces of agate and other semi-precious stones. Then there were maps and photos of the Taj and of the city at different times and painted miniatures of emperors and their consorts, from which it seems that Mumtaz-i-Mahal was much prettier than her famous aunt Nur Jehan, although the latter has secured greater credit, while Shah Jehan is the handsomest of the kings. It was getting late, so we hurried out, after a final glance at the snow-white building against the azure background of the sky.

“ So that this place of death is made a bower

With beautiful grace of blossoms overspread

And she who loved her garden, lieth now

Lapped in a garden.”



## APPENDIX III.

## THE AGRA FORT.

The massive Delhi Gate commands the entrance to this fort, begun by Akbar, improved by both Jehangir and Shah Jehan and finally abandoned by the latter for the new one at Delhi. The architecture of the gate is different here ; two gigantic towers, surmounted by kiosks, and containing many rooms, jut out from the arched portal ; octagonal in shape, an encircling gallery divides the height in two and above and below it, we see panels of intricate designs brought out in white, looking most effective, like a mantle of lace, over the dull red stone. We would have liked to see more of the gate, but our motor was already through and we were alighting in the courtyard surrounding the big block that contains the Moti Musjid.

Going up the steep flight of wide steps, we are dazzled by the intense purity of this great hall, entirely of marble ; it has pillars, supporting scalloped arches, like a Divan-i-Am, while at the back-wall stands the simple pulpit. The floor is divided by blue lines into five hundred and seventy "musallahs"—i. e., prayer-spaces for each worshipper. The size varies with the person, thus, right opposite the pulpit, a large space was reserved for the emperor and two smaller ones for his sons. In front of the hall is a vast space, also paved with marble and from where, the real beauty of the place can be gauged. I have already spoken

of the perspective effect of certain similar arches, but those of these musjid are quite perfect and their effect unrivalled. A narrow stair from one side leads to the terrace above, but we are not allowed there as it overlooks the whole Fort and consequently all the military points. We then saw the Nagina Musjid, an adjoining place, exclusively for ladies.

Now we descended and motored round the deep curve that brings us in front of the Divan-i-Am. In the garden here is the tomb of the Hon'ble J. R. Colvin, Lt. Governor of the North-west Provinces who died in 1857. It is in keeping with the surroundings, but on looking closely, we found it resemble a Christian cathedral more than anything Mogul.

The Divan-i-Am needs no description, being like the one at Delhi but prettier because it has been coloured white, with gold edges, since the days of Lord Northbrooke. From here, we were led behind and taken round a long line of empty, dust-ridden rooms, formerly used as store rooms and in one we saw some old 'nagaras' (kettle-drums) still lying there. At one end of the line is the room where Shah Jehan slept during his imprisonment and next to it the Mina Musjid. In front of these rooms, many local tradesmen display their wares on long tables—it is a good way of enticing tourists but as we had had enough of them we passed by the collection of model Taj Mahals, slippers and the like. Without our noticing it, we had come on a higher level and looking down, we saw a court where



the Mina Bazar was held. On ordinary days, real merchants used to sit and supply the royal household but on gala days, the royal ladies would play at being tradespeople and then the Emperor would make purchases. Turning and going still further we came to the buildings known as the Khas Mahal and the Zenana.

The Khas Mahal stands between two pavilions and was the king's private room ; the two pavilions were occupied by the princesses Jehanara and Roshanara. These have a central hall and two small rooms, while the Khas Mahal is divided into many parts simply by pillars. From every part here, one can see the Taj Mahal floating like a toy, on the Jumna. These apartments are of course profusely decorated but I shall not describe them as only the Divan-i-Khas and the Saman Burj (to which I shall presently refer) should have our whole attention. In front of this, sunk in the deep marble floor, is a large bath, divided into twenty-five seats where all the royal ladies bathed at one time, fountains supplying hot and cold water ! Still more in front and on a lower level is the Angur Bag, in the centre of which is a marble square with a fountain ; here the "living chess" was played, that is, 'as I have said in Appendix IV the "men" were women and moved along the chequered marble as directed by their lordly players. The Angur Bag reveals a wonderful watering system. As we look, we see the lawn formed into starshaped spaces by arranging together peculiarly curved pipes ; now "angur" means "grape", so this was

a vineyard and each star held a tree which was watered through the pipes. By an ingenious method, which is lost to us, water from the Jumna from underground was brought for this use ; one could not help admiring the cleverness that combined utility with artistry.

Let us jump over these few steps and come to the part where stands the Divan-i-Khas. Stretching out before it is a long terrace, where a black stone throne and a white face each other. The black throne is Jehangir's, the white the vizier's. The former is cracked and tradition has it that as the Rajah of Bharatpore tried to sit on it, the stone cracked and spurted blood. At the farther end is a tank and the guide explained how the water was heated here and then supplied to the fountains below. A dent in the tank is a lasting memorial of a British bullet fired in 1857, which struck it and rebounding, left a deep hole in the cornice of the Divan-i-Khas.

This building, in structure, resembles the Divan-i-Am, but is much smaller and is entirely of marble. It is divided in two parts, the front one having arches on pillars of a beautifully delicate shape, the inner portion forming a room, entered by three arched entrances. The two extreme arches are solid and are very prettily decorated, as are the intervening walls, but it is the pillars that call for attention. On slightly conical bases, which have designs of great beauty and wonderful colouring, stand the slender fluted columns, two in each spot, while at the corners, four are amassed. The

colouring, by the way, is not paint, but inlaid work and in a few places, even jades, agates and other semi-precious stones. The inner room is gorgeously painted in navy blue, gold and red.

Coming out again, one must contemplate nature; the broad sheet of water (the Jumna) bordered at the horizon with a thick green sweep, out of which rise the gates of the Taj Mahal and in its middle the Taj itself, every dome, every minaret showing clearly against the blue sky was as worth seeing as the most beautiful piece of work in the fort. Although the sky was blue there, the rest of it was clouded and hence the contrast was striking, at the same time, pleasant.

From here we moved on to the Saman Burj; it has two storeys, the top one being a single room in the form of an octagonal tower with the usual gold gilt dome. There are three rooms below, with an encircling gallery and pillars and a smaller gallery further out. The pillars are similar to those of the Divan-i-Khas but the cornices are more beautiful while it is impossible to describe the panels that enrich each room. They are all inlaid and no two designs are alike. The outer and inner walls have niches carved into them and the guide informed us that the rooms were used by Nur Jehan and Jehangir and that the former used the niches as her jewel-boxes! There are hollows in the thickness of the walls too and these places have been particularly assigned by tradition to rings and then the guide muttered "How the—could they have put jewellery there! Must have been some contrivance for decking the place with

flowers"!! One of this niches has a translucent stone and a hand on one side can be seen on the other.

We then went above; the pillars are identical with those below but the room is half-panelled and half-painted as is also the ceiling. From here too, the view is of the Taj, but at a different angle and so we see fields all around, then the river and then the green sweep. It was entirely cloudy now and a cool breeze was blowing, hence the whole scene acquired a softness and tone that was even more enthralling than what we felt near the Divan-i-Khas.

But no words can convey even a faint idea of the splendour of the Saman Burj or of the view--the eyes alone can do justice to both.

After spending some more time here, we retraced our steps and on our way to the place where the Somnath Gates are, we were shown the sites where executions and elephant fights used to take place. Then we came to these gates; they are two immense doors, brass plated and studded with nails and bearing quaint Hindu images. They are a memento of the Afghan expedition of 1842 and had guarded the tomb of Mahmud of Ghazni, and are believed to be the same as those said to have been wrenched off by Mahmud from the famous Hindu temple of Somnath.

I must also mention the Chitoor Gates, very similar to the above, which we had seen near the Mina Bazar, before we proceeded further.

From the Somnath Gates, we went to the Shish Mahl (Glass Palace); it is really a large room, in the centre of which is a bath, with the usual 'hot and cold.' Here the walls, and ceilings are all closely covered with pieces of glass forming designs, while the windows have also delicately-traced panes; unfortunately, a good deal of the glass has been smashed by British soldiers. Just then, a brilliant red light lit the room—the guide had alighted a red cracker and as the blaze remained for a few minutes, every piece of glass turned into a scintillating star. It was magnificent—what then, must it have looked when, in the olden days, the royal ladies had it lit with hundreds of little red lamps and the niches were crammed with flowers?

The last building to be seen was Jodhbai's Palace; it is two-storeyed and of red stone. The many rooms are carved in the Hindu style, Hanuman and other gods, peering at one from every corner. The inside is very gloomy, but the outside is extremely pretty, for here, the carving is brought out in white, as on the Delhi Gate, and the tracery is even more delicate and lace-like; the cornices have actually white stone fringes and viewed from afar it does not look like stone at all but like some soft material gracefully falling over.

Finally, crossing the courtyard, we came to a huge marble tub, so high that it needs three steps to reach the edge of its top and three steps inside, to get into it. This is said to have been Jehangir's bath. It is a queer thing and how he liked to use it is a question. At last

we walked away, coming on again at the Divan-i-Am, where our motor was.

We had taken quite a long time to see the Fort and yet, the buildings are so many and the ways, such a maze, that I did not have a very clear idea of the topography of the place and I must beg pardon for the inaccuracies and hap-hazard mentions that must have undoubtedly crept in, in this narrative, which I have tried to make as consecutive and accurate as possible.

And what impression does the Fort leave? First let us pick the gems of the place; it is difficult to select when everything is beautiful, but the Divan-i-Khas, Jodhbai's Palace and the Saman Burj can well claim precedence. The last is the best, even among these three and the part of the ceiling, restored by orders of Lord Curzon is a resplendent piece of art and enhances the grandeur of that room in the tower. This fort has not the cheeriness of the Delhi Fort,—it cannot have, for as one looks on the mystic Taj, even as Shah Jehan did, that tragic story seems woven into the very air, the still, cloudy atmosphere that seems so characteristic of the falling shadows on the dynasty of these truly great Moguls.

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## APPENDIX IV :

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FATÉHPUR SIKRI.  
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The City of Fatehpur Sikri is entered by a massive gate, around which the old city wall is still standing. The palaces are on a high level, so we motored up the ascent, stopping near the Dak bungalow. The first building is the Divan-i-Am, entirely of red stone, carved in the Hindu style. As we come out on the great paved courtyard, a number of palaces appear—the Divan-i-Khas, Panch Mahal, Ankh-Michaoli, Ain-i-Akbari, private apartments and so on. The Ankh Michaoli is an empty room divided into smaller parts with communicating passages, entrances to which were formerly curtained; the walls have niches all over. Here the emperor would play hide-and-seek with his begums. The curtains were then very useful for hiding, but how any object placed in a niche could have been retrieved is mysterious, the depth is too much, unless one is assisted by a pair of long tongs. The staid emperor Akbar, running to catch a begum—gee!

From here we go to the Divan-i-Khas, the peculiarity of which is that a solid pillar, with a marble seat on the top, supports four hanging marble galleries, at the corners of which the ministers sat, while the king was in the centre, on the pillar.

The Panch Mahal is a palace of five storeys, raised pyramidically, but not like Sikandra. The storeys do

not decrease in size altogether but get shorter from one end, thus while the ground floor has eight chambers, the fifth has four.

On the courtyard, a certain part is laid out in the form of a "chaupat" (an Indian game) board. Like the living chess at the Fort, this was living chaupat, women again taking the place of "men."

The Ain-i-Akbari (record-office of Akbar) is a long building, with shelves made in the walls, where the emperor's annals were kept. Two smaller buildings—I forget what they are—are now used as boys' and girls' schools, respectively.

We have wandered and now approach formidable black inverted basins. These were the medicinal baths. They are on a lower level than the place where we stand and the guide explains how the hakims used to prepare baths for royal patients—a Turkish bath system, as the holes on the surface show how the steam was let out.

Turning to the right we come to some more palaces, those of Birbal, Jodhbai, Rukhia Begum and Miriam. The first two are beautifully carved and decorated with white and Jodhbai's palace is similar to the one in the Fort. She and Birbal being Hindus, were placed opposite each other; Rukhia Begum and Miriam, Akbar's Mohameddan and Christian wives had apartments to themselves. There is a nice garden around Miriam's house. Another building here is known as the Khwab



Gah—sleeping apartments We proceed along an empty space lined on both sides by stalls, which were the elephants' stables. At their termination, at a little distance, is a small single room, white-washed. This was the 'hospital'! If any one took ill, he was placed in here. What happened next the guide could not say, but such a model hospital took our breath away when the announcement was made. Further on, we come to a little broken mosque, known as the stone-cutters' mosque, having been erected by poor masons for the benefit of the Saint Salim Chisti. In the distance is a cottage, where Jehangir is said to have been born. I must also mention the elephant gate, much below the hospital. It is so massive that an elephant, rider and all, could easily pass through it.

Now we come to the three gems of the place, Salim Chisti's tomb, the Mecca Musjid and the Buland Darvaza. Before I describe the first, I must relate the legend, so well-known to all Indians.

Akbar was very eager to have an heir; he had consulted many seers, but none could do any thing. At last he heard of the pious Sheikh Salim Chisti, a hermit residing in the village of Sikri and hied thither. As the seer and king conversed, the one year-old son of the former spoke out that unless some one willingly sacrificed the life of his child, the king would have no heir and so he himself was willing to die for his king, thus allowing his spirit to be re-born as the royal heir. The child died immediately and his prophecy

was fulfilled. The sheikh became an honoured friend of the king who built this rich mausoleum over him.

The building is entirely of marble and in form resembles Nizam-ud-din's pavilion. We mount the steps in our stockinged feet and examine the pillars at the entrance. These are unique in shape, having graceful serpentine curved pipes entwining them and are beautifully carved. These and the whole pillar also are hollow and a mouth projects out near the base. It is said they were used as fountains. Over the arched entrance and running round it are inscriptions from the Koran in Arabic which look like designs from afar.

Inside the dim chamber, for the side screens are curtained, is the tomb of the Sheikh, covered by a gold-embroidered pall of green silk and overhead hangs a canopy of red silk. The tomb is rather like a bed, four posts rising at the corners on which rests the canopy. The posts and the side of the tomb are of black-wood studded with mother-of-pearl, a work of great skill, as every leaf and petal of the design thereon is nailed down by itself. The effect is very dazzling when the mother-of-pearl gives forth rainbow coloured shafts of light under the glow of the lantern in the guide's hand.

Coming out, we walked round the inner courts and were surprised to see the marble screens covered with all kinds of coloured threads. The saint being held in much respect and believed to work miracles, many pilgrims leave a thread tied here as a token of a wish, which if fulfilled by power of the saint, they come and take off

the thread and make suitable offerings at the shrine. We saw the green, red and yellow threads left by the Nizam of Hyderabad.

To go to the Mecca Musjid, we crossed the flagged courtyard, not troubling to wear our shoes, as we would have to take them off again. We first viewed the masjid from the outside. The great gate has religious inscriptions and is decorated in blue mosaic over red sandstone. At the farther end of the hall, which we have now entered, is a deep recess with the usual pulpit. The ceiling was painted but the work has decayed and under the huge dome, doves have made their home. The hall continues lengthwise on both sides, divided by arches like those in the Divan-i-Am but with greater architectural beauty and accuracy. The whole masjid is a replica on a smaller scale of the famous one at Mecca.

The last thing to be seen was the Buland Darwaza some distance from the masjid and having as many steps from the ground on the outer side as the Jame Masjid in Delhi. The gate is 80 feet high and has three chambers, the entrance being a formidably deep arch. The decorative work is similar to that of the masjid but more elaborate and varied and the inscriptions running up to this gigantic height is a rare sight. The inside is not worth much, but the first view of the gate is sufficient to inspire admiration at its majesty and yet the grace with which it was built. Behind it is a tank, in which divers leap from an adjoining wall, which is also pretty high and fall headlong into the pond swimming out at the other end. Although it seemed so much to us, it was

apparently nothing to them for they dived as if it was play, every one hoping to get some baksheesh thereby. We rejoiced a few, but disappointed many. Coming to the front again, we saw the vista before us of the town, now so desolate, but which Akbar had named the Victorious and where he built the Buland Darwaza to commemorate his triumphs. Truly 'buland' it is, the most impressive of all things we had seen to-day. After a final look at it, we descended the steps and got into our car which had taken a round and been placed here.

Somehow, Fatehpur Sikri did not appeal to me much ; the buildings are too sombre, the artistic work too alike, and moreover in the dull Hindu style. Elephants, heads and Hanumans cannot compare with floral designs of which there were a few. The best things are Chisti's tomb (in the cemetery next to it is a small grave, that of the prophetic child) and the Buland Darwaza and even these do not so strongly call for a second visit as other places.

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## APPENDIX V.

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SIKANDRA.

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As we alight here, the gate demands close inspection. In architecture it is as others but has four marble minarets rising from the corners of the terraces above. It was only half-built during Akbar's life-time and was finished, together with the three others and the greater part of the mausoleum itself, by Jehangir. The gate is of red stone, relieved by designs in white; these are mostly floral and executed with great delicacy. A marble screen, which had been lost during wars, was replaced by a newer model by Lord Curzon who did very much for the preservation and restoration and out of his own purse, of these monuments. From one of these minarets, the Rajah of Khetli committed suicide in 1901.

We now come to the usual courtyard and water-channel before a mausoleum and the side-paths on the edge of ground on a lower level, luxuriant with melon and pomegranate trees. The mausoleum itself is pyramidal in form. The first storey is the largest till gradually the fourth storey, which is entirely of marble (the rest is of red stone) is the smallest. Each storey has a number of pillars and the whole appearance is very much like a house of cards. I have, however, forgotten to mention that between the tomb and each gate there is a Naubat-Khana,

The first storey is very large and it takes nearly three-quarters of an hour to walk around it. It is paved with marble and is a family vault. We were shown the tombs of the children of Jehangir and Aurangzebe and many others but I forget their names.

In the centre of this hall, a sunken chamber contains the grave of Akbar. The mighty monarch would have no pomp over his actual body, however, much may be built around it. The spot where his dust lies is indicated by a simple slab of marble, covered by a green cloth. On religious occasions, the pall of black velvet, gorgeously embroidered and presented by some prince, is laid over it. The chamber is lighted only by the dim lantern carried by the guide. A feeling of awed reverence comes over one, the monarch who was dreaded and yet loved in India and whose fame had spread even to England lay here and then his own views occur to one "Empty handed we come and empty handed we go—why then pomp over death?" And what use is pomp and wealth and glory even for the fleeting moment termed 'life'—it avails nought for eternity.

We then ascended the second storey—the steps are a good many and very steep. From here we get a bird's eye view of the gates and Naubat-Khanas and the woodlands around. In the storeys themselves there are only rooms and terraces but none worth lingering over. The fourth storey is the best; in the middle is the cenotaph, carved out of one block of marble and decorated with floral arabesques. At its head is a

marble stand on which the famous diamond Kohi-noor used to be placed on a silken cushion, so that its rays might fall on the tomb—the regal dead must always have light over him. The balcony here has a running screen of marble and each panel was carved out of a single piece and every panel has different designs. So many are there that we could only look at a few. The view is of course, much more splendid than from the lower storeys and we rested here on the cool stones for quite a while, listening to the highly-coloured stories of the guide.

When we reached the first storey again, we spent some more time in the room from where the passage goes to the emperor's tomb, for here the ceiling is worth seeing. It was all gold-tissued and enamelled in blue formerly, but the Rajah of Bharatpore had melted it away and so at present we have to be content with the sample created by orders of Lord Curzon and which is enough to make one realise its olden splendour.

Thus we left Sikandra. Artistically, it is much better to look at from the outside—historically, religiously, philosophically, it is the plain slab in the sunken chamber that grips us.

#### THE TOMB OF ETMAD-UD-DOWLAH.

This tomb, erected in the midst of a grove, a setting that enhances its beauty even as a dark background reveals the brilliance of a pure and lustrous gem, is the mausoleum of the father of Nur Jehan, built for him by his renowned daughter and wherein he rests with his family.

The mausoleum is rectangular, with four minarets and the cenotaph on the terrace. The outer walls are divided into sections by two arched windows, the entrance door in the centre ; this has panels of inlaid designs, vases and flowers, perfect in form and executed with such skill that they call for unstinted admiration. Now we turn to the windows, which have carved marble screens and the sides of the arch are decorated in the same way as the door. The walls are covered with the most delicate tracery in colours, symmetrically divided into more than half a dozen designs of intricate workmanship, which gives the appearance not of stone, but as if some rich lace had been draped over. We are in the ante-room, portions of the walls of which have inlaid panels far superior to those on the door and the arches and time is well spent in studying the exquisite work. The ceiling of the room, excepting for a bright blue and gold edge, is charred and splintered, one more example of the ruthlessness of that ancient German, the Rajah of Bharatpore. From here we are led to the central chamber, where within a white marble screen, are two plain slabs of yellow marble—a rare stone—which mark the graves of Etmad-ud-Dowlah and his wife ; there is no ornamentation except the raised triangle that signifies the tomb of a Mohamedan male and the flatter (and without any irreverence)—hot-water bottle-shaped mark of a female. We are given flowers by the guides, whom we tip and then, if we like, replace the flowers on the tombs.



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## APPENDIX VI.

## KUTUB.

The Kutub Minar and the surrounding ruins were our ultimate aim this afternoon but we visited three other places before going there.

The first was the tomb of Nizam-ud-din Aulia. At its entrance we have to take off our shoes and put on the huge goloshes provided and then we can enter the sacred precincts. We remonstrated but it was of no use, so willy-nilly we assumed the much too-big footwear (the theory is that these are pure but our own, having the outside dust on them, are unfit for treading on holy ground!) and passed a dirty alley thronged with pilgrims, coming to a tank of very murky water in which people were bathing as it has the reputation of curing all physical ills. From a high wall near by, feats of diving were performed. After going further down the alley we came to the separate pavilion wherein rests the saint and on a slightly lower level is a general cemetery, containing tombs of certain notabilities. The plainest one with only grass on the simple slab of marble is that of Jehanara Begum, the eldest daughter of Shah Jehan, who remained with her father till his death and lived a hermitical life. Her epitaph is "Let green grass conceal my grave; grass is the best covering for the graves of the humble and the meek", among the others are those of Mohamed

Shah, members of the royal family and a few noblemen including Emir Khosru, the poet. These tombs are enclosed by beautifully carved marble screens, the one surrounding Emir Khosru's tomb being specially noteworthy. As we come up again to the Aulia's tomb, we see a huge earthen cask; if you have any desire, you pray at the shrine, and if it is fulfilled, this cask has to be filled up with ghee, milk, wine or sweetmeats, as a thank offering, of which the poor partake afterwards.

The Aulia rests in a richly-painted pavilion. Although the structure is only of plastered bricks, yet blue and crimson and gold paintings on the walls and the tracery round the windows and the embroidered palls presented by various royal pilgrims, give it a very grand appearance. The actual tomb seems to have certain parts covered with mother-of-pearl, but I am not sure, as women are not allowed to enter this chamber.

A party from Viceregal Lodge had also come to-day to see the tomb.

From here we motored down the trunk road to the irrigation works of Okhla. We cross part of an old bridge and go along a road through a densely wooded portion, the motors all parking at a certain point. From here we saw how it was all laid out: after leaving the gate we had made a wide detour to reach the present spot, between which passes a small channel. All this part is covered with trees and is ideal for picnicing, as indeed many visitors were doing. As we

go further, we see the river Jumna dammed in looking like an immense lake and from here, the water, flowing down diverse channels in all directions, goes to the adjoining fields. The river dammed in covers such a vast expanse that one can actually get a fine cruise in a ferry boat. Promenades connect the different parts together and it was interesting to watch the gates below being opened and shut, to regulate the flow of water.

It was cloudy, hence we were more able to enjoy the picturesque scene; the natural beauty was there, but the flashes of colour added by the brilliant hued dresses of some ladies enhanced the effect while a gentleman patiently fishing away and a family party having their tea at the edge of the dam completed a picture that did not remind one of any thing Indian, but seemed a representation of some European sea-side resort.

Once more we started on the trunk road flying along for miles, seeing only the woods and fields—a strange peace reigns here—and after passing the railway-crossing, on to the other side, to the almost square village of Badarpur, where there is an ancient gate. The inhabitants are mostly Marwaris but of a poor class. It was raining at Tughlakabad (which is 6 miles' run from here) but the sun was struggling through the clouds thus making the distant lines of falling water look like solid sunbeams. After a most delightful drive we came to Tughlakabad, but we went on, seeing Mohamed Tughlak's tomb and his ruined fort, from the outside only.



We retraced our steps and came to the Alahi Darwaza (Gateway of Alaudin), to the south of the Kutub Minar. Before I describe it, I must mention the cupola, of a weird design and flaming red in colour, lying on a mound a little further away. It happened that the minar had required restoration in some parts and Sikander Lodi had done so in 1503, which preserved the pillar for three centuries and then the British also undertook the same task. A fitting top-most storey was wanting so an English officer designed that cupola which was afterwards partially spoilt by lightning and had to be taken down. A very sensible thing on the part of the lightning, since it gave the chance of placing the present appropriate storey.

To return to the Alahi Darwaza: it is built of red stone, square in shape, with a dome, having marble lattices, of very delicate workmanship, in the walls. The doorways and the walls are done in the same style as the tomb of Altamash, a style found on both, exteriors and interiors of all buildings in this vicinity that provides deep study for the archæologist and artist. We could, however, only hurry over things to-day as the drizzling rain warned us to dash to the Dak bungalow for some refreshment and then speed for the hotel.

The Kutub remains are the oldest in the history of Delhi and as they cover the period of some centuries, and as more than one dynasty has left its mark here, the interest is doubled, but beyond this, there is no



